

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES "D" IS FOR DESERT... AND DANGER

WELL, THANKS TO
THIS MODERN AIR AGE,
HERE WE ARE IN PARISROCK
LOOKING AT THE
EIFFLESTONE TOWER!

THIS THREE-
DAY TOUR PLAN
IS SO REASONABLE,
TOO!



BETTY AND I WILL KEEP THE
CHILDREN WITH US WHILE YOU
BOYS LOOK UP YOUR LOCAL LODGE!

THEN WE'LL MEET BACK
AT THE HOTEL—AND THEN
BARN AND I WILL WATCH
THE KIDS!



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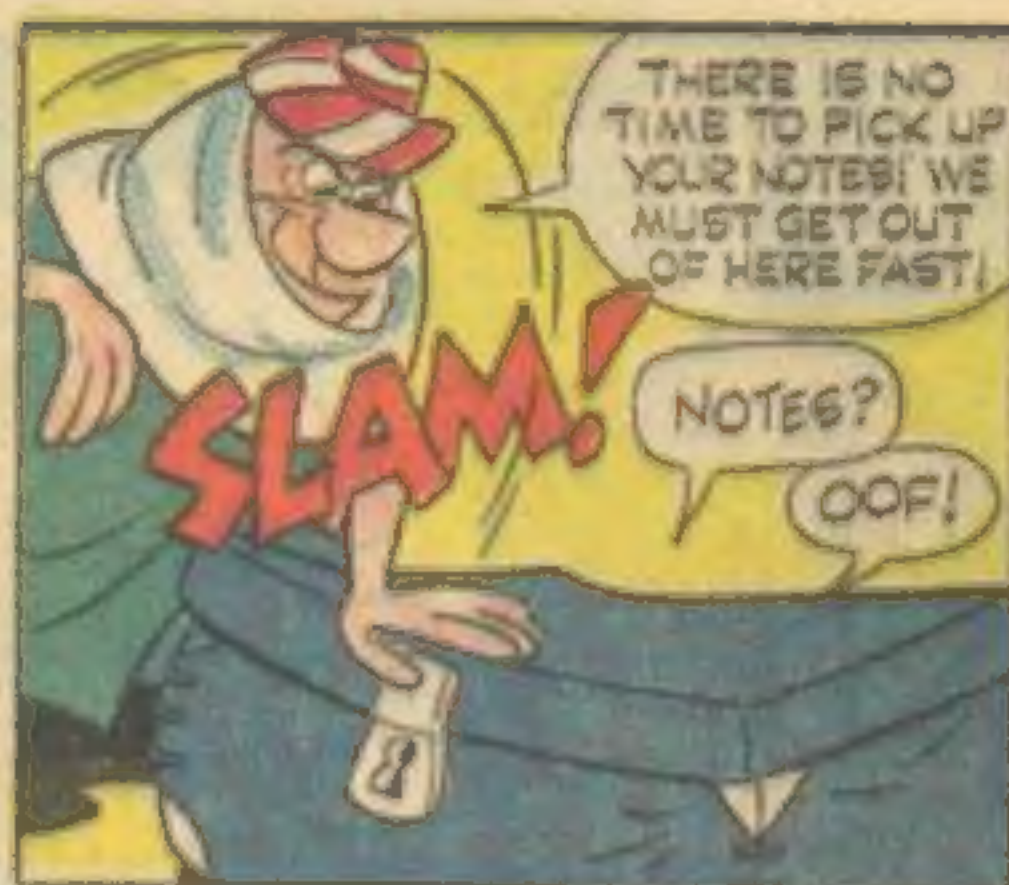
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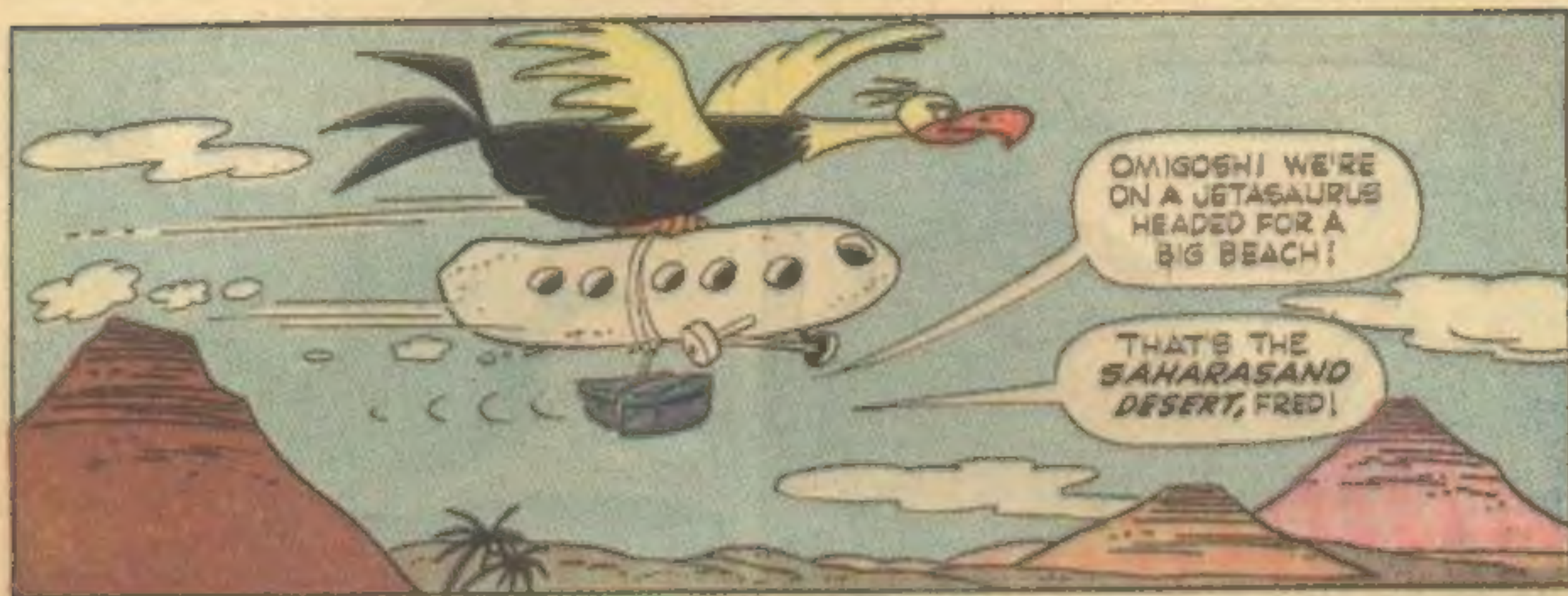












OMIGOSH! WE'RE
ON A JETASAURUS
HEADED FOR A
BIG BEACH!

THAT'S THE
SAHARASAND
DESERT, FRED!



THAT GUY WASN'T
FOOLIN'! HE THINKS
WE'RE SPIES AND
HE'S SENDING US
TO THE SHEIK!

I THINK
WE'RE
LANDING...



YEAH!
WE'RE GOING
DOWN, ALL
RIGHT!

FAST,
TOO!



UG!

OOF!

PLUNK!

AH, THERE ARE THE
TWO LEGIONNAIRE SPIES
NOW—JUST AS AGENT X
REPORTED!



BOY THESE JET
LANDINGS LEAVE
LOTS OF ROOM
FOR IMPROVEMENT!

SAHIBS!

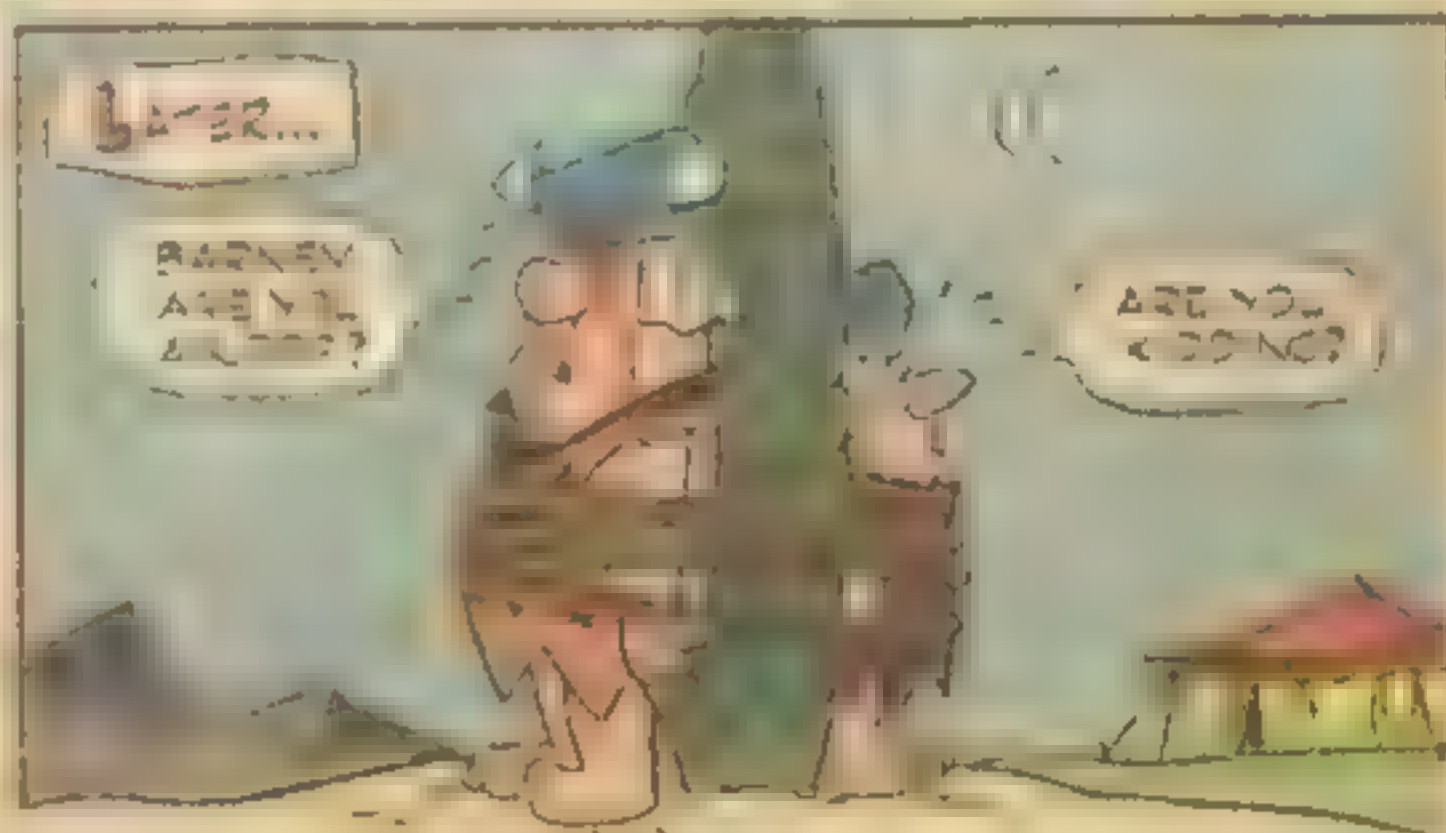
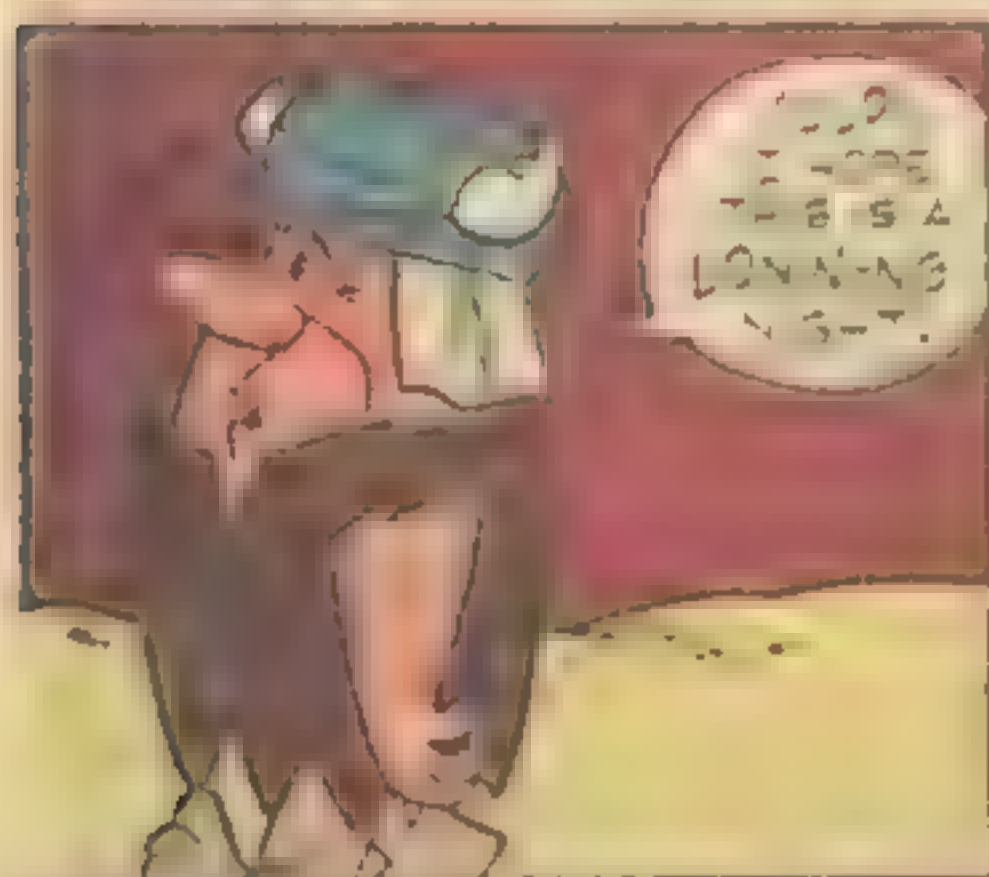
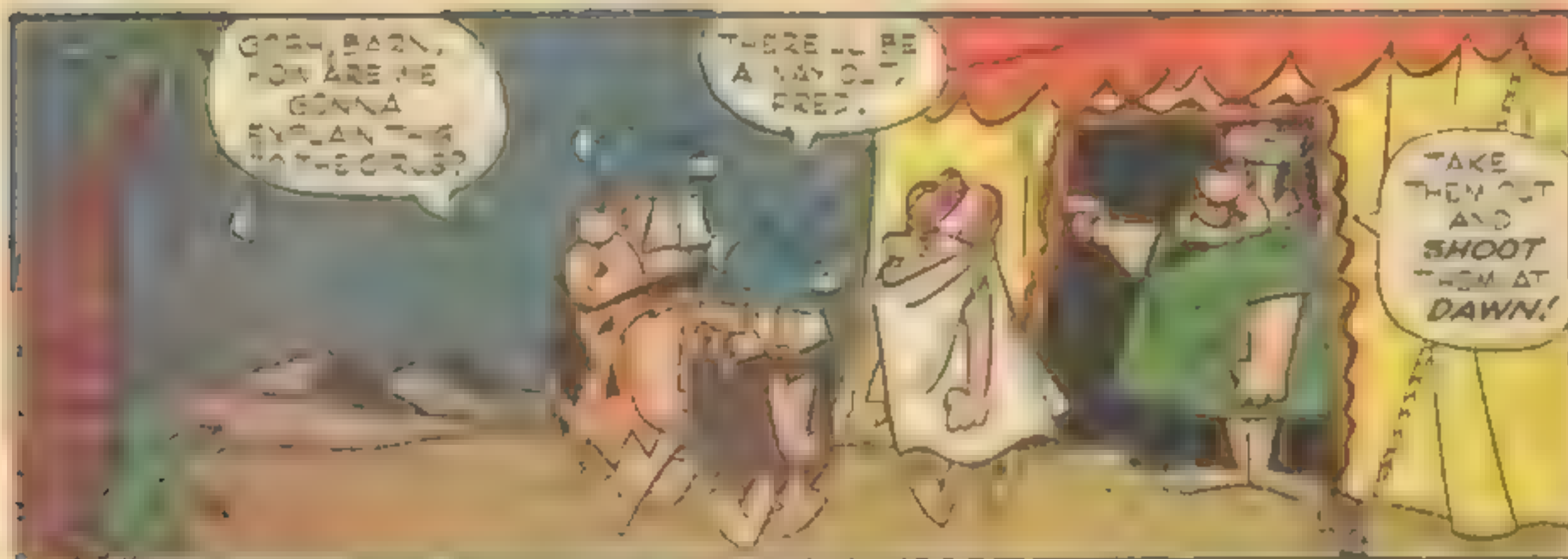


TOURISTS,
LEGIONNAIRES,
SPIES... NOW
WE'RE
SAHIBS!

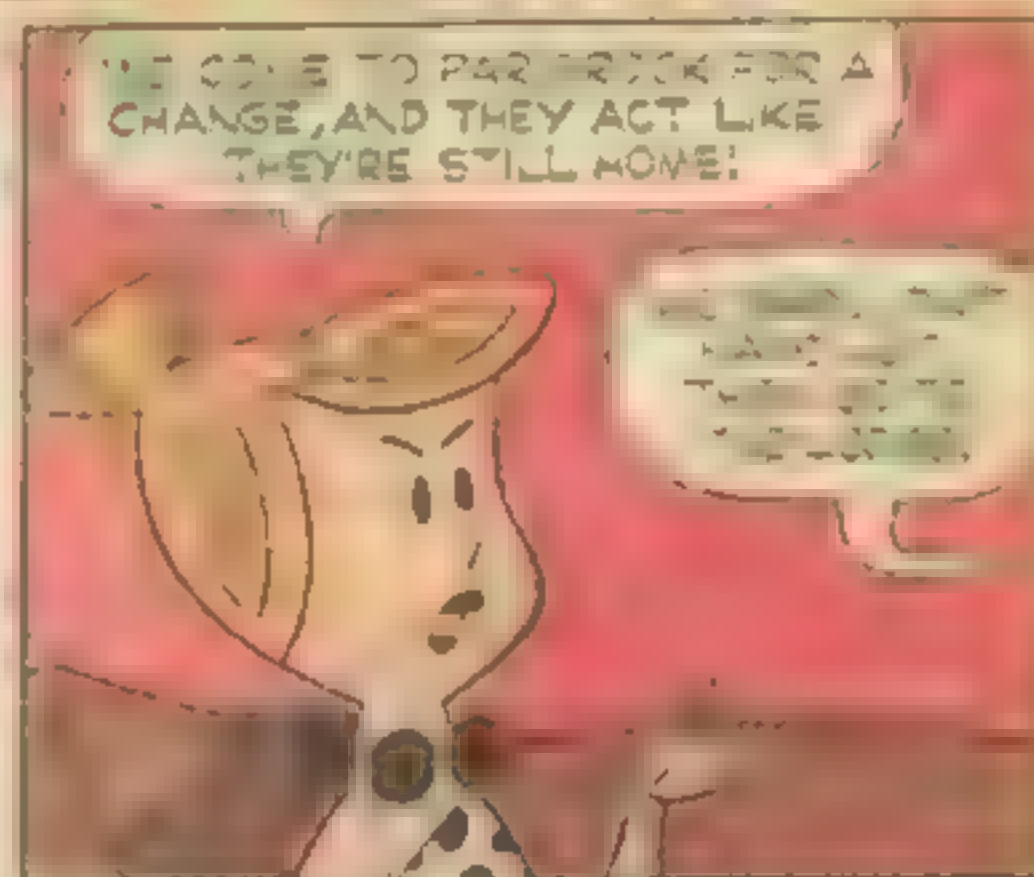
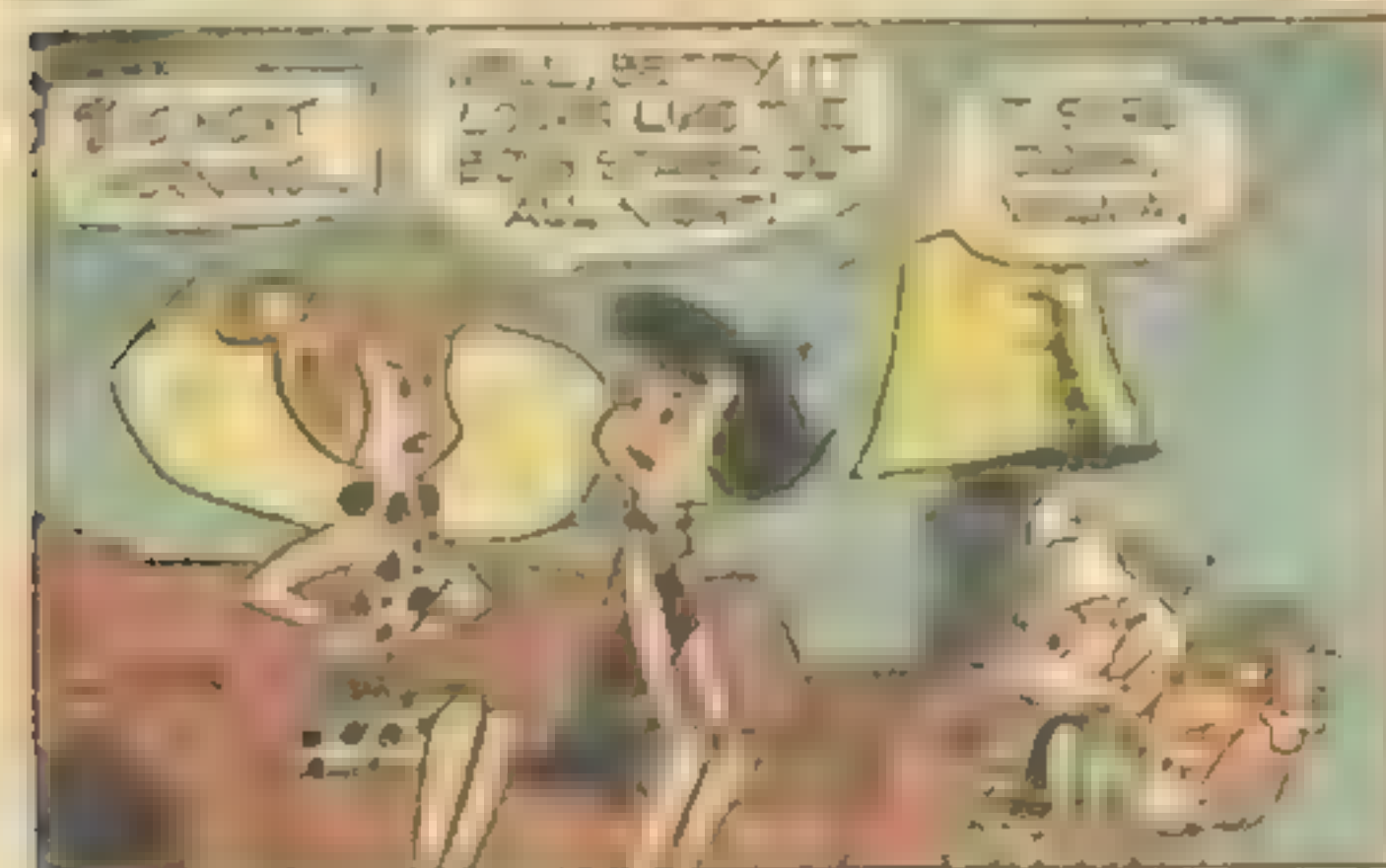
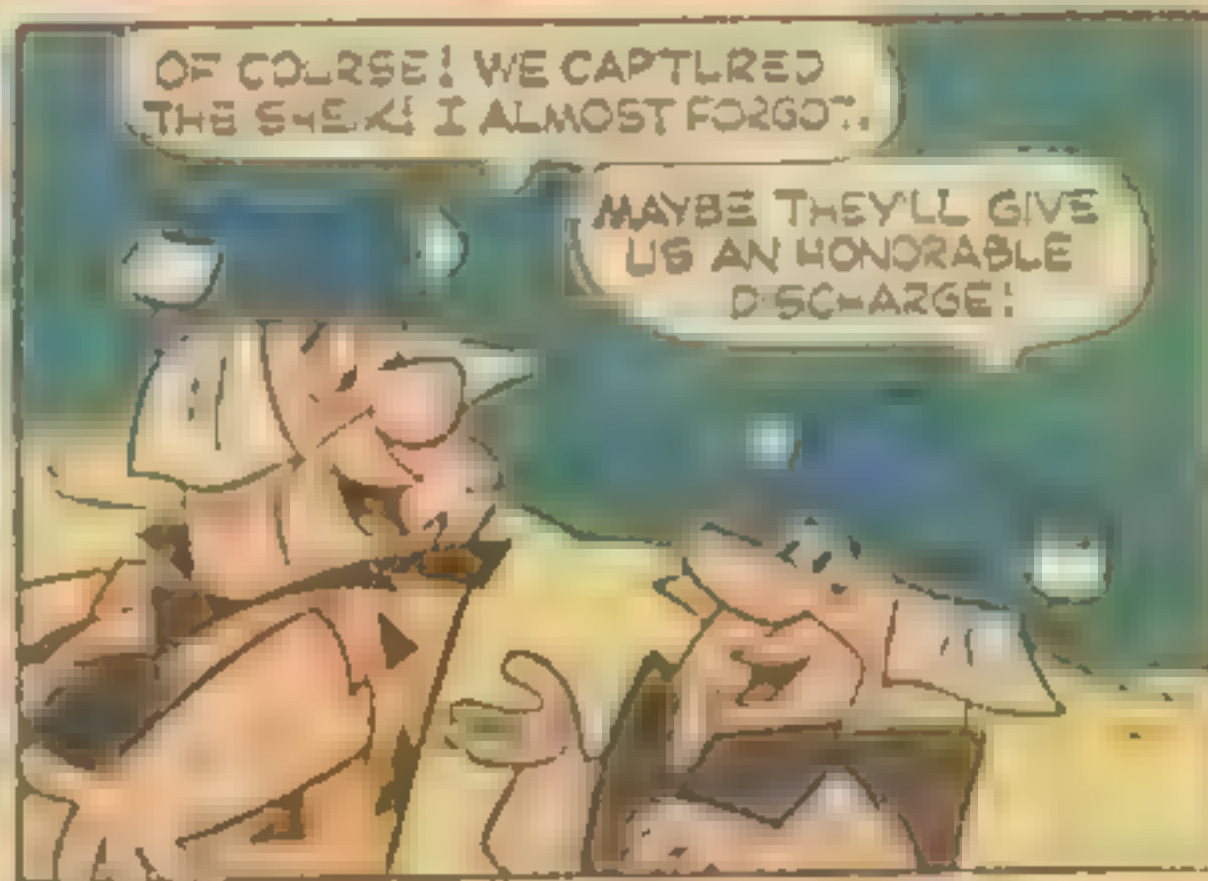
I HOPE THAT'S
GOOD!

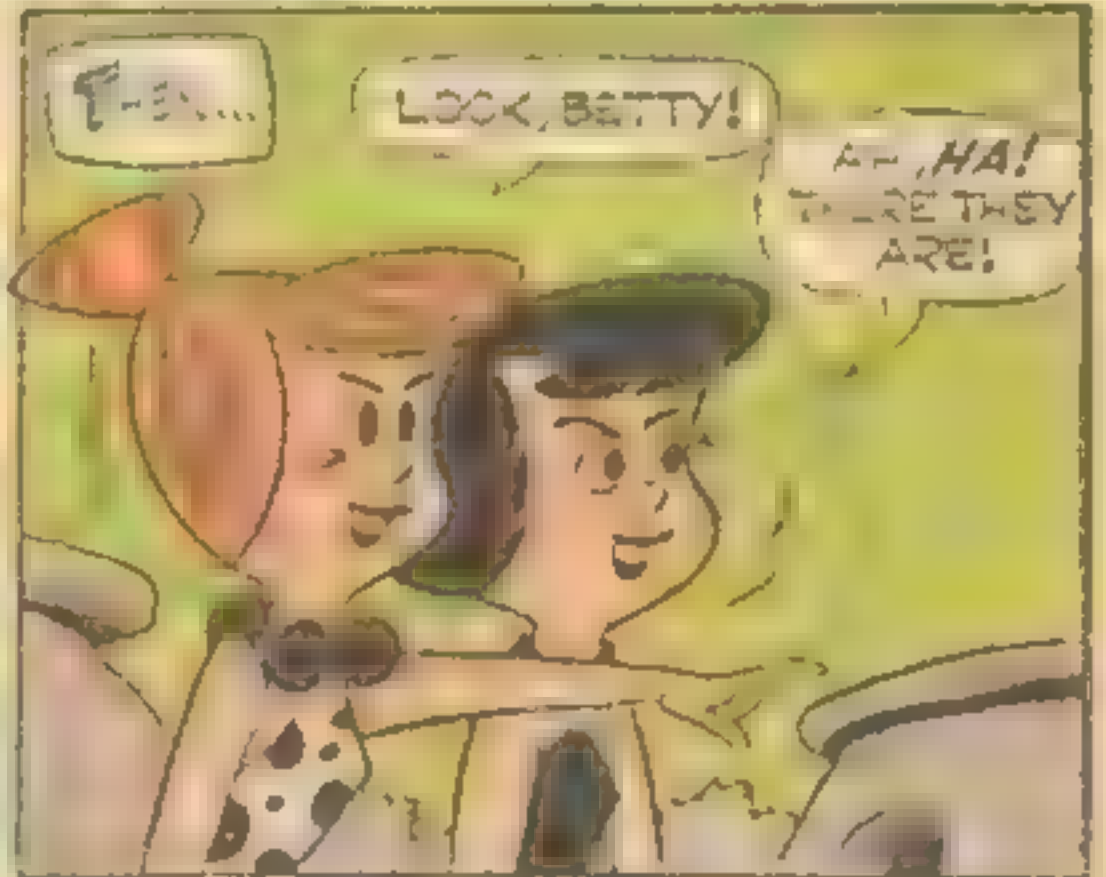
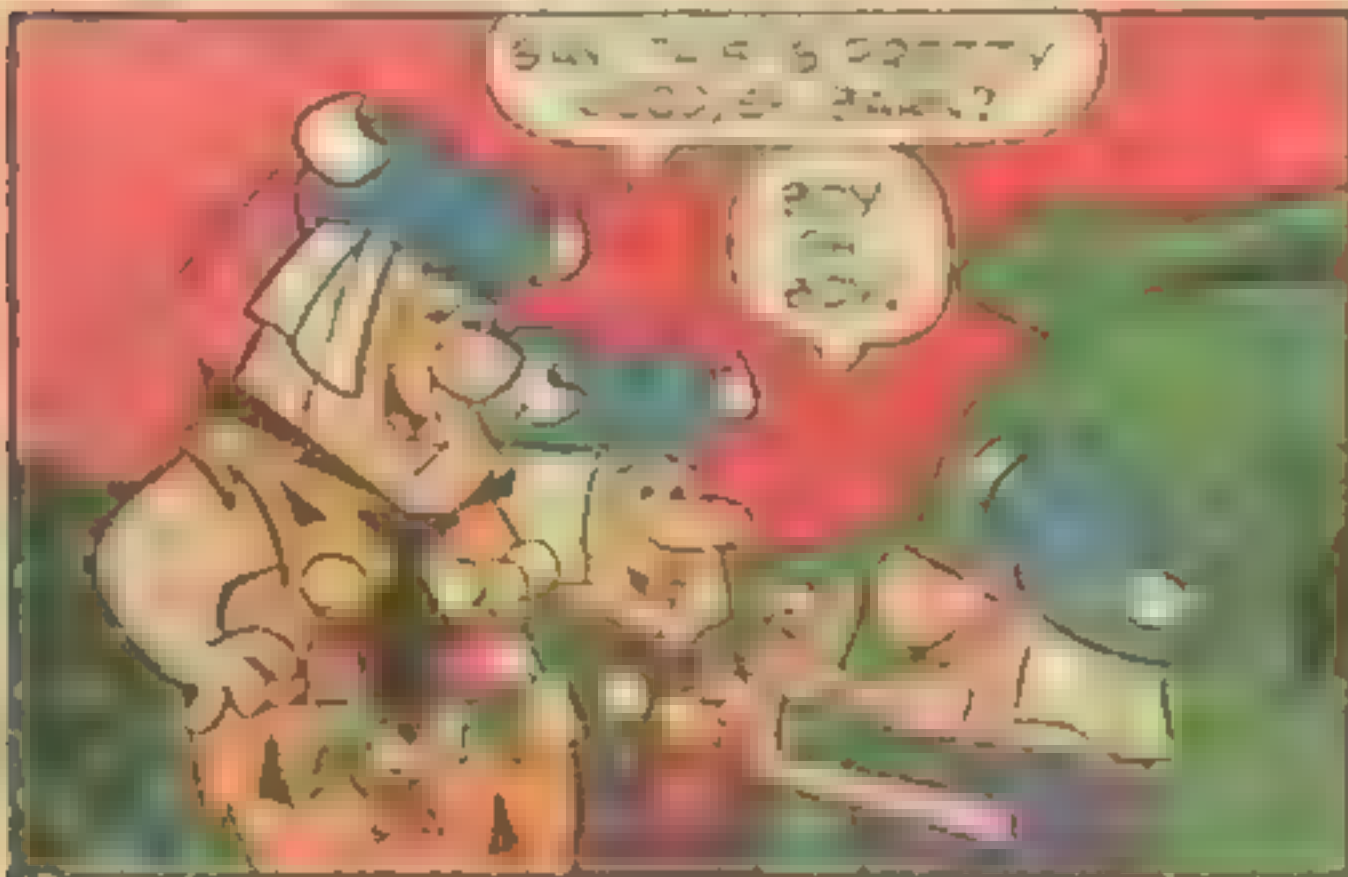
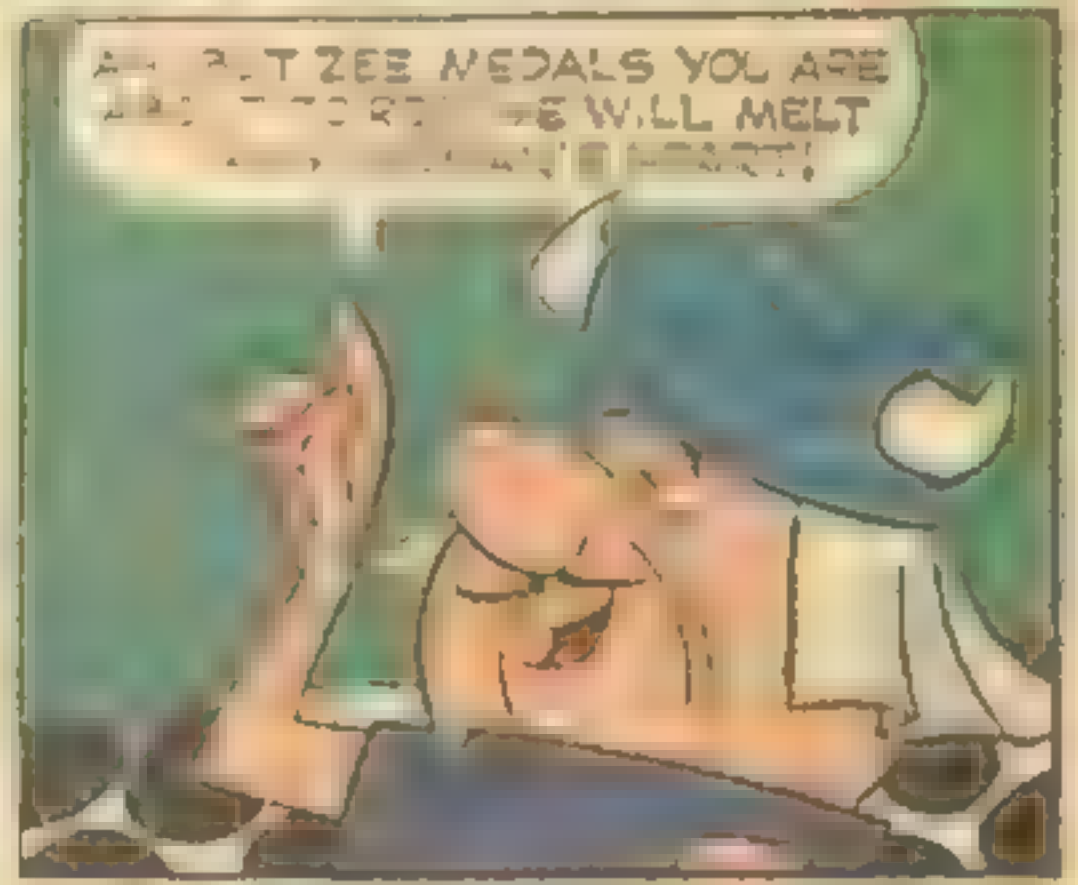
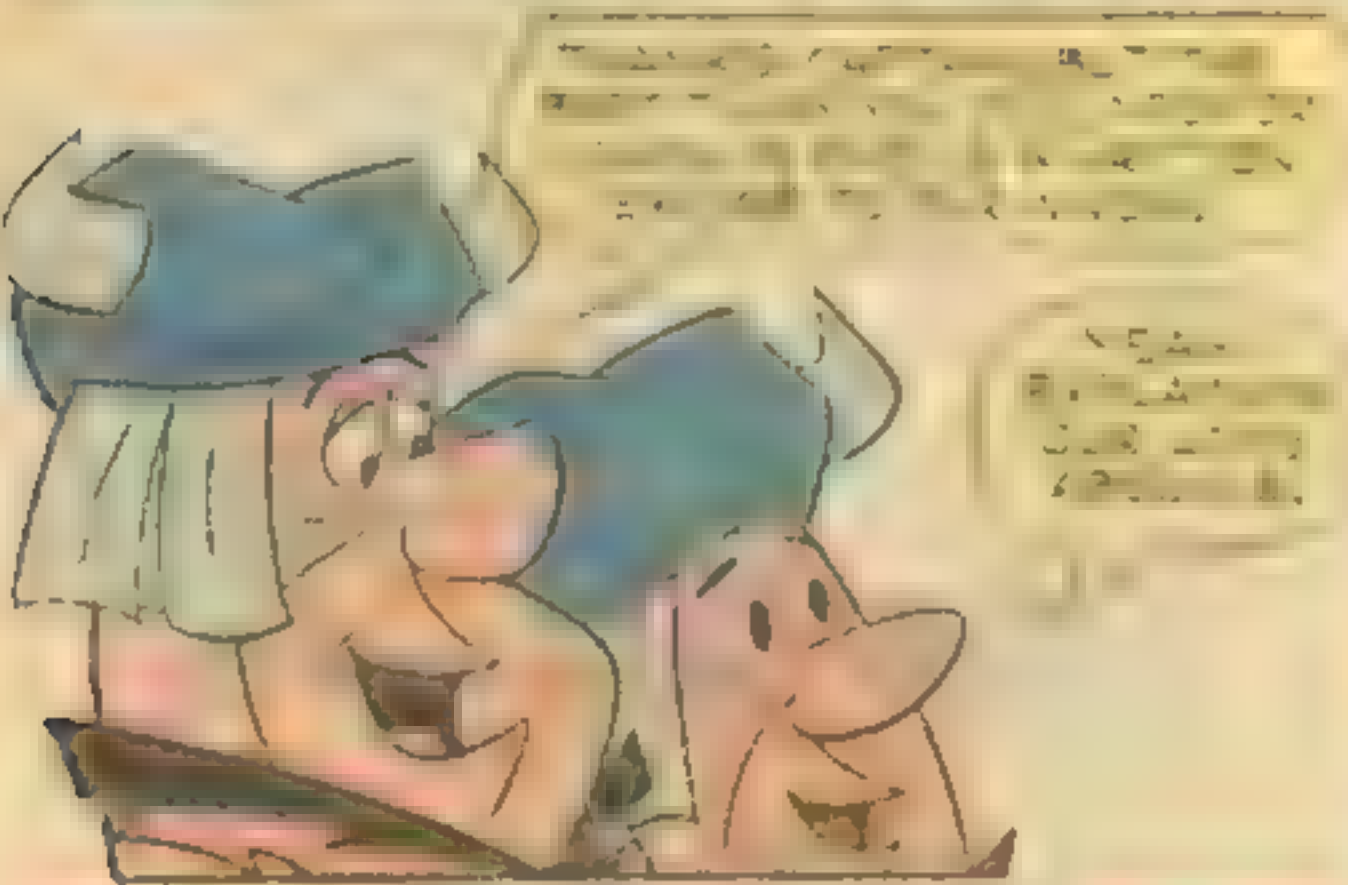
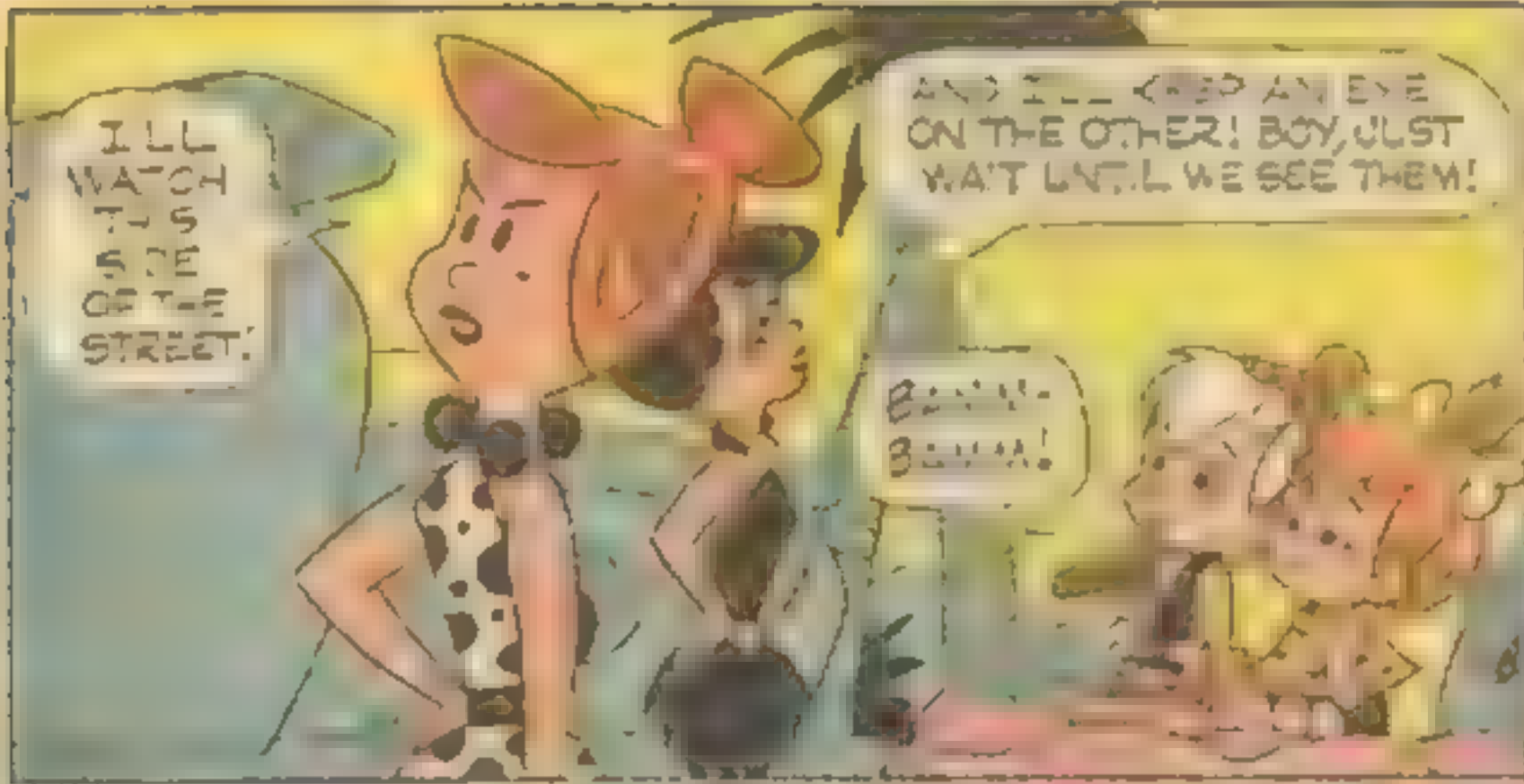






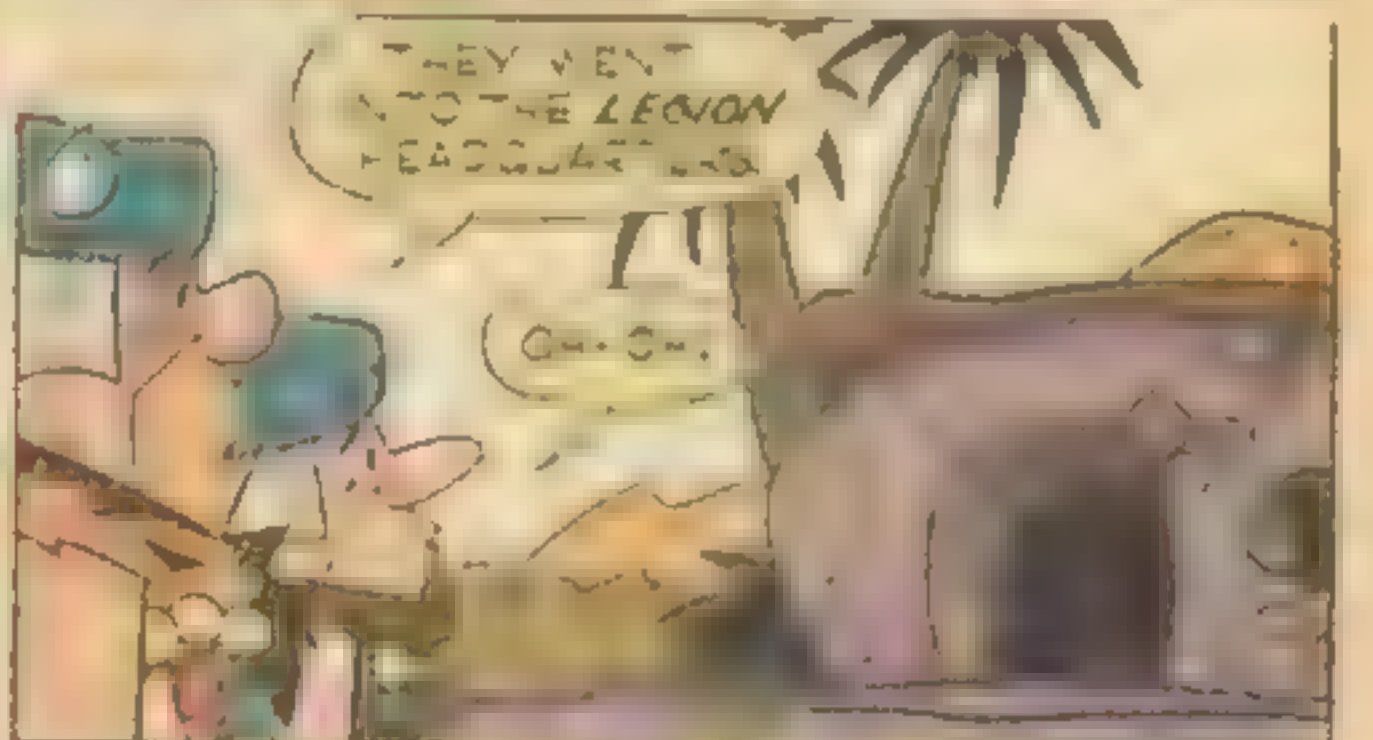








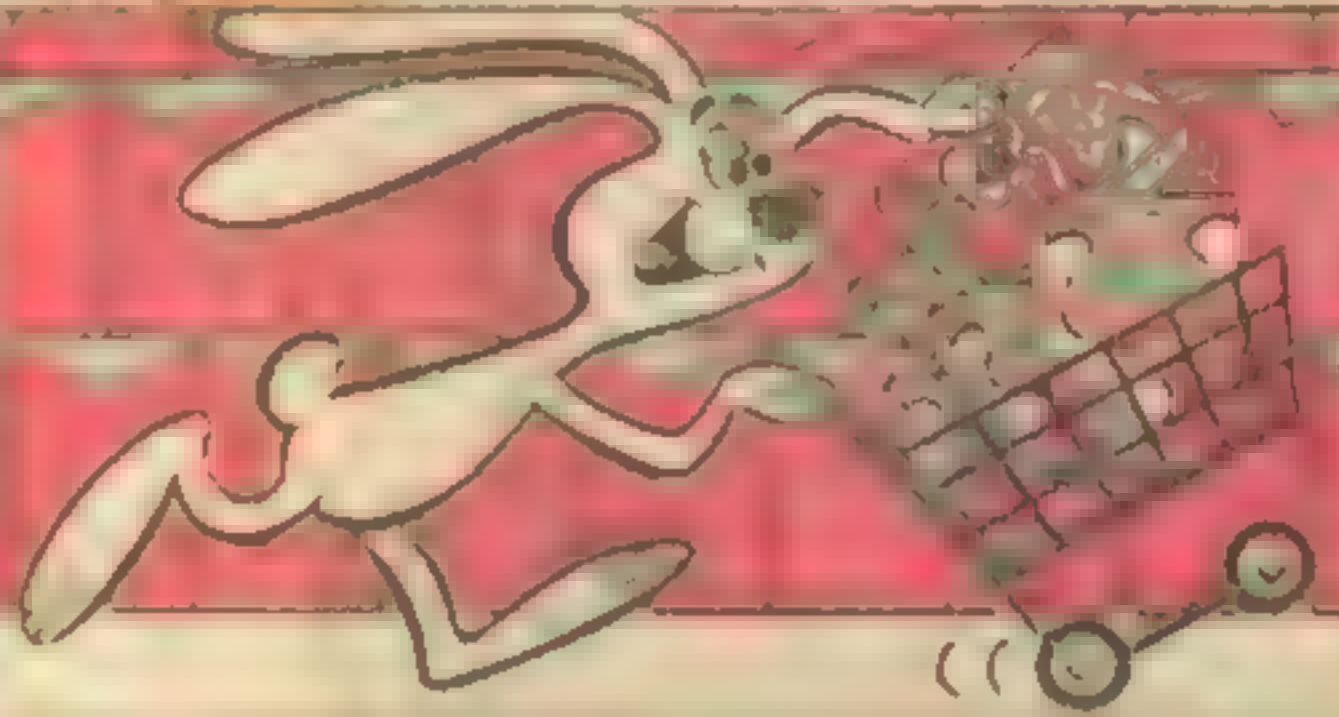
Zoom!



HOW'S TRIM?

WORTH SHOPPING
AROUND FOR...

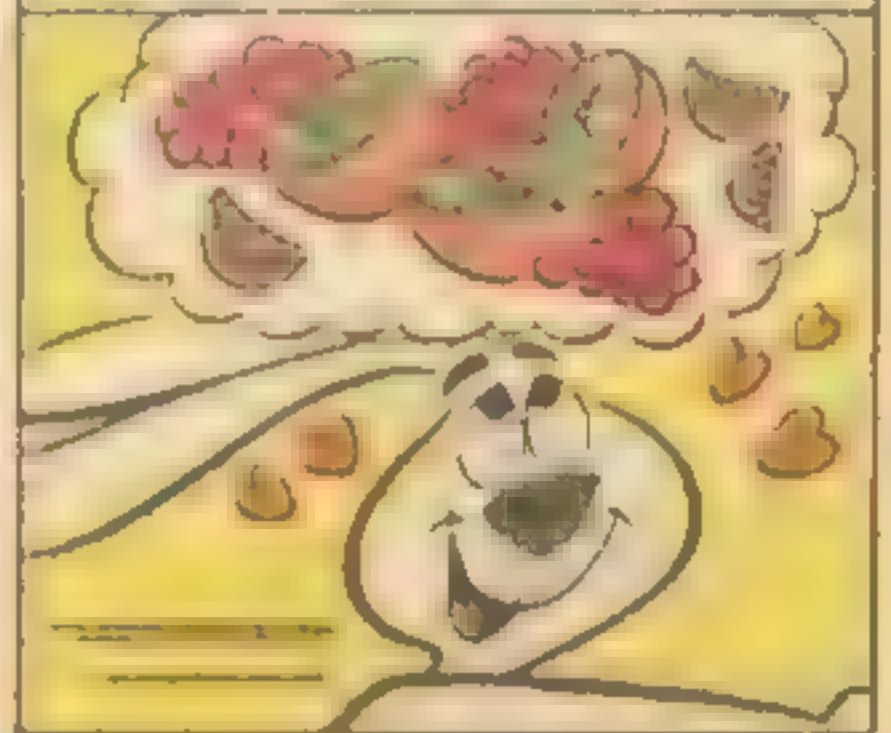
TRIM ...THE CORN CEREAL WITH...



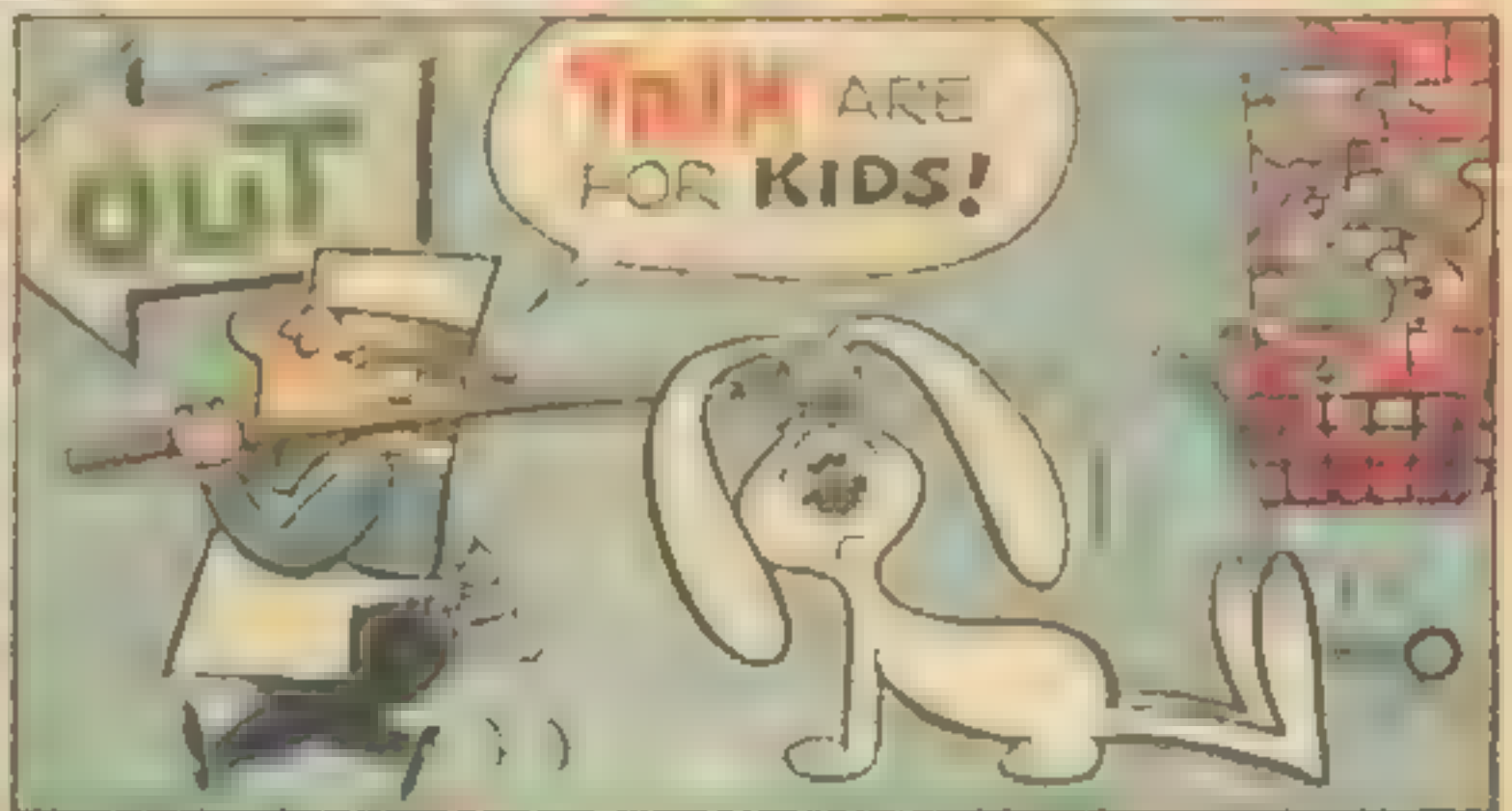
THE TANGY TASTE OF NATURAL FRUIT!



FRUIT COLORS, TOO!



AND AS WE ALL KNOW...



BONAPARTE
DOCTOR SOLAR
DAVE EL BONGHE
MIGHTY SAMSON
THE TWILIGHT ZONE
KORAK, SON OF TARZAN
THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.
BOB'S MADDOFF TALES OF MYSTERY

YOU GET MORE
ADVENTURE
AND
ACTION

TOTAL WAR
THE PHANTOM
THE LONG RANGER
TARZAN OF THE APES
TUBB, SON OF STONE
MAGNUS, ROBOT FIGHTER
F. PLEY'S TRUE WAR STORIES
JOURNALS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

GOLD KEY COMICS



Perry Gunnite squirmed and shifted in his office chair, as he sat with his feet on the desk and thumbed through a magazine.

"This miserable chair!" he muttered. "I wish I could afford some new furniture for my office!"

The tinkle of a bell attached to the door warned Perry that someone was coming.

"It could be a customer or a bill collector," he said, hurriedly removing his feet from the desk and hiding the magazine. "In either case I've got to look busy!"

However, it was not a bill collector. It was Hedrock's park commissioner.

"Good to see you, Mister Commissioner!" Perry beamed, putting out his hand. "I'm sorry I don't have a chair to offer you! You should have brought one of your park benches, ha ha!"

The commissioner ignored Perry's hand.

"Humph! You're either a wise guy or a mind reader, because I came here about a park bench," he snorted. "Somebody stole one from the city park!"

"Couldn't the police handle a routine job like that?" Perry queried.

"Not this one!" the commissioner said. "This particular bench was donated to the park by J. G. Gotrocks himself!"

"The richest man in town?"

"The same! And if he finds out we were so careless he might refuse to donate anything else to the park. It's a very delicate matter, Mr. Gunnite!"

Perry agreed, and said he'd do his best to find the bench before Mr. Gotrocks discovered it was missing. He hurried to the

scene of the crime to look for clues, but he found nothing... just an empty spot and a sign that read: **THIS BENCH GENEROUSLY DONATED BY J. G. GOTROCKS.**

Perry paced back and forth. "Who in the world would want to steal a park bench?" he asked himself out loud.

"Nobody in his right mind would steal **THAT** bench!" said a voice behind him. "It was the most uncomfortable bench in the whole park."

Perry turned to see a bedraggled tramp. "Maybe he could provide a clue."

"When did you last see the bench?" he asked the tramp.

"Last night!" was the answer. "And I saw old J. G. Gotrocks himself sitting on it!"

"You don't say!" said Perry. "Thanks a lot. Here, have lunch on me," he added, as he tossed the tramp some money.

"Wonder why he did that?" muttered the tramp as Perry hurried off.

A few minutes later Perry arrived at the home of J. G. Gotrocks.

"This is just a wild hunch," he said to himself, "but if I'm going to goof, I might as well do it on a grand scale!"

Mr. Gotrocks was at home, and Perry lost no time in coming to the point.

"Tell me, sir, why did you remove that bench from the park?" Perry asked.

Mr. Gotrocks was momentarily surprised but he recovered himself quickly.

"Why, to have it **UPHOLSTERED!**" he said. "That bench was the most uncomfortable thing I ever sat on! I wouldn't want my name associated with such a bench!"

"But, sir, you should have told the park commissioner that you took the bench. He is worried about it!" Perry added.

"Then go tell him you've found it," Mr. Gotrocks laughed.

Perry reported his discovery, and a week later the park commissioner found Perry in the park reclining on Mr. Gotrocks' newly upholstered bench.

"How come you're not in your office?" he asked.

"Well," Perry replied. "I'm getting new office furniture tomorrow, but meanwhile I thought I might as well be comfortable instead of sitting in that old back-breaking chair of mine at the office."

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS & UNSCHOOLED SCHOLAR

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

CHILDREN... COME BACK!
OUR STOVE SCHOOLHOUSE
CAN'T BURN!



SAY...
THAT'S
RIGHT!

BUT THEN WHY
IS THERE
YELLOW FIRE?



FIRE! FIRE!

IT SEEMS
TO BE COMING
FROM THE
SHORE!

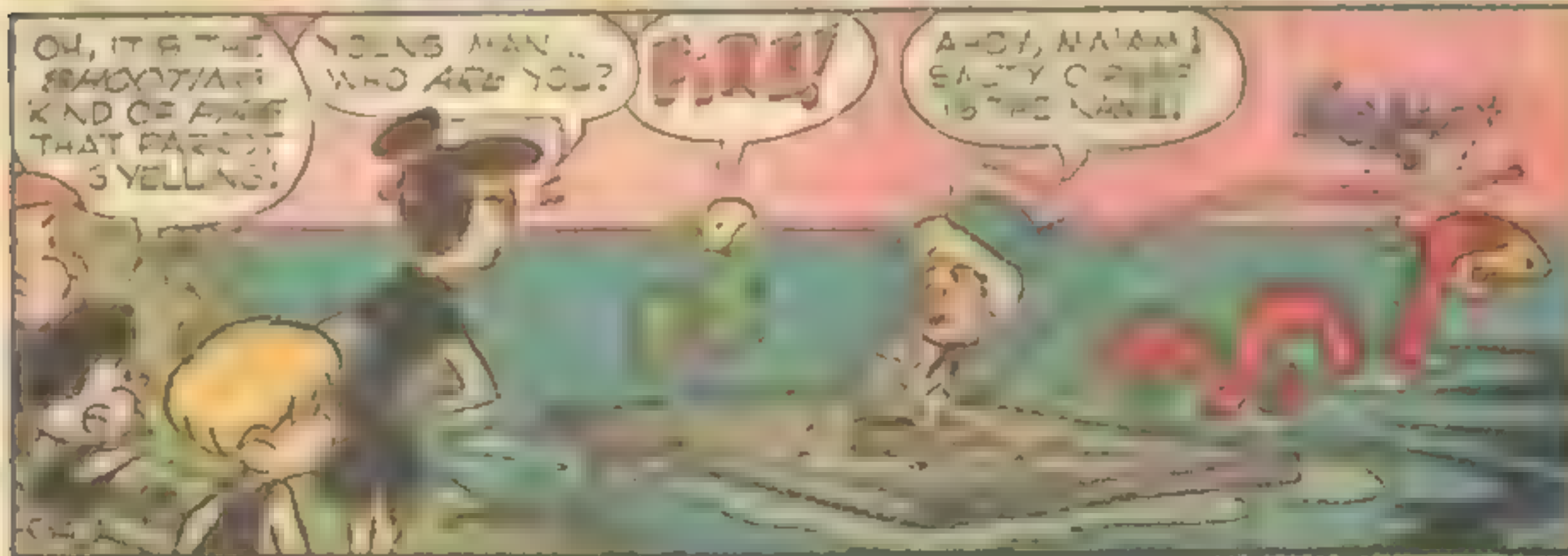


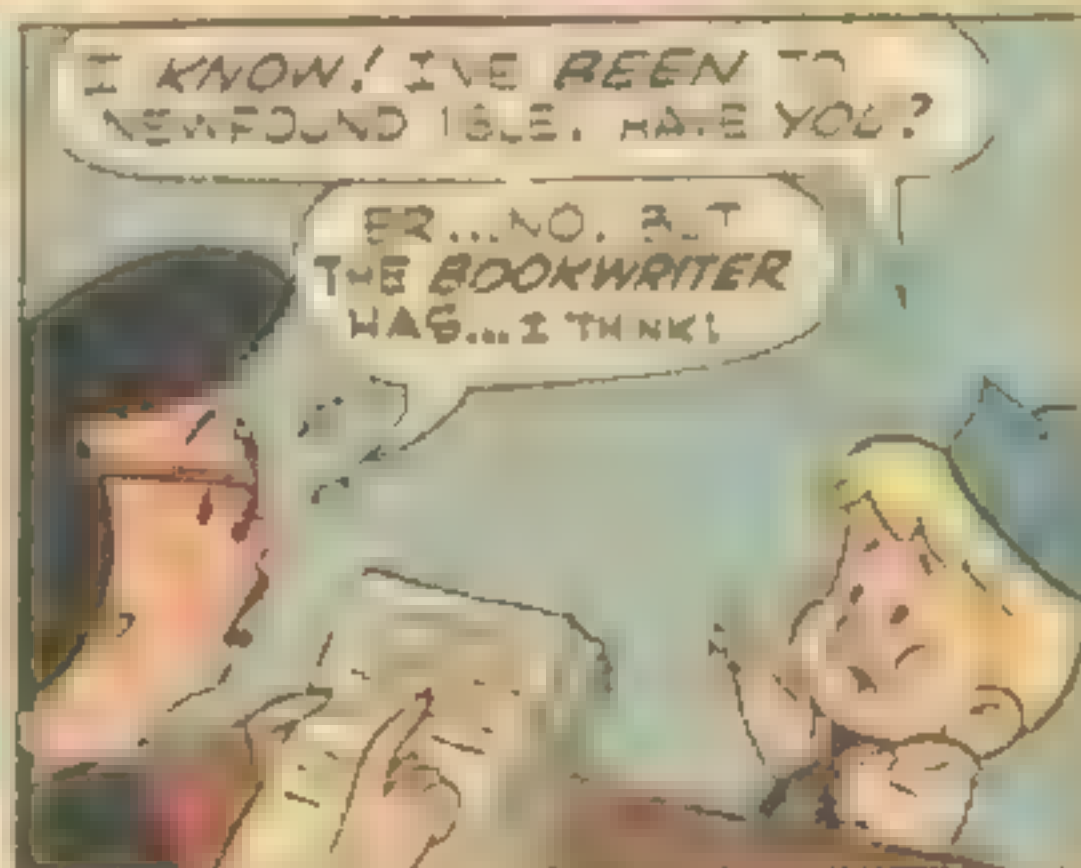
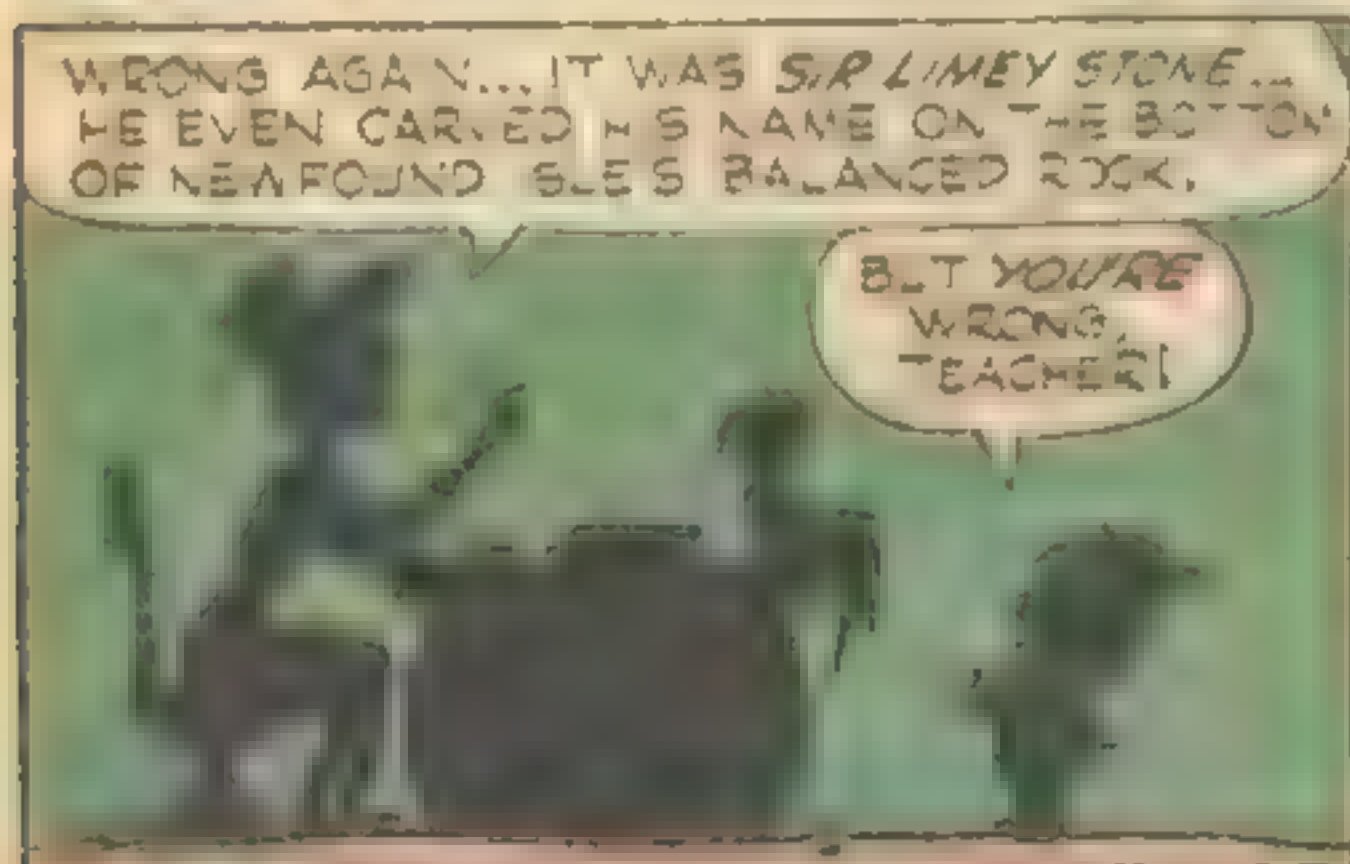
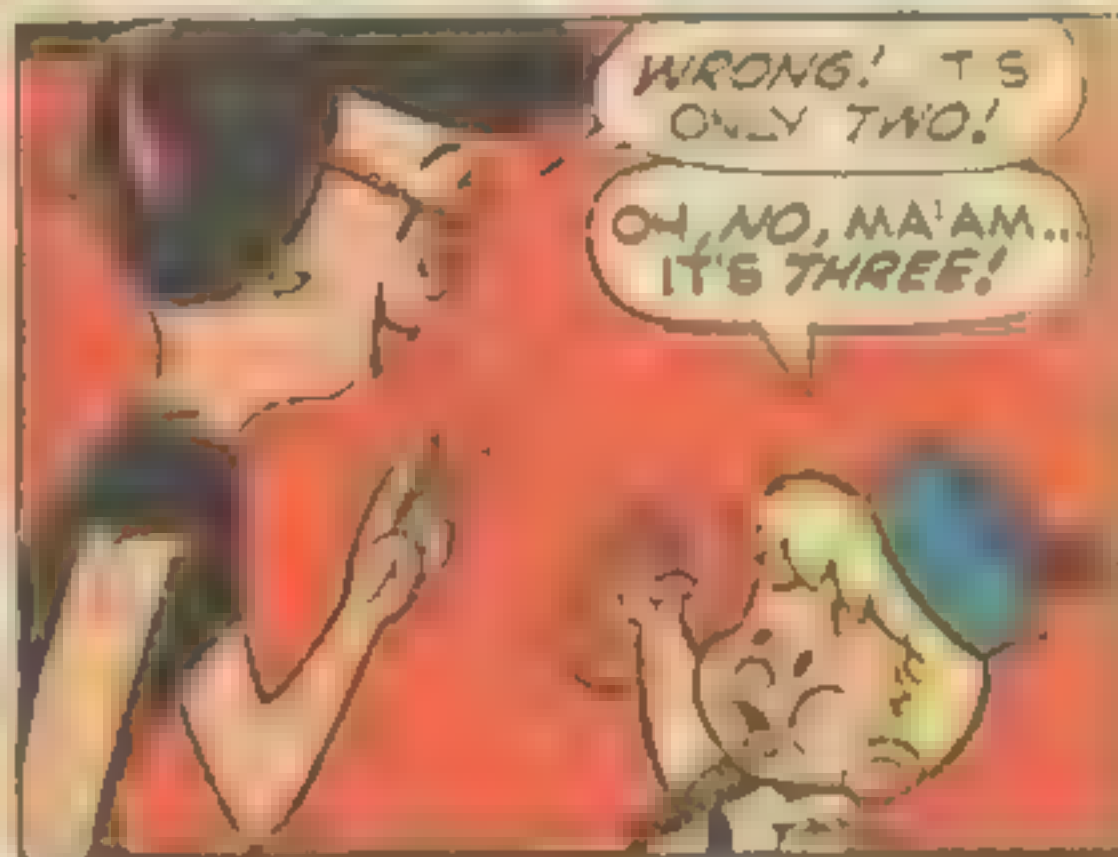
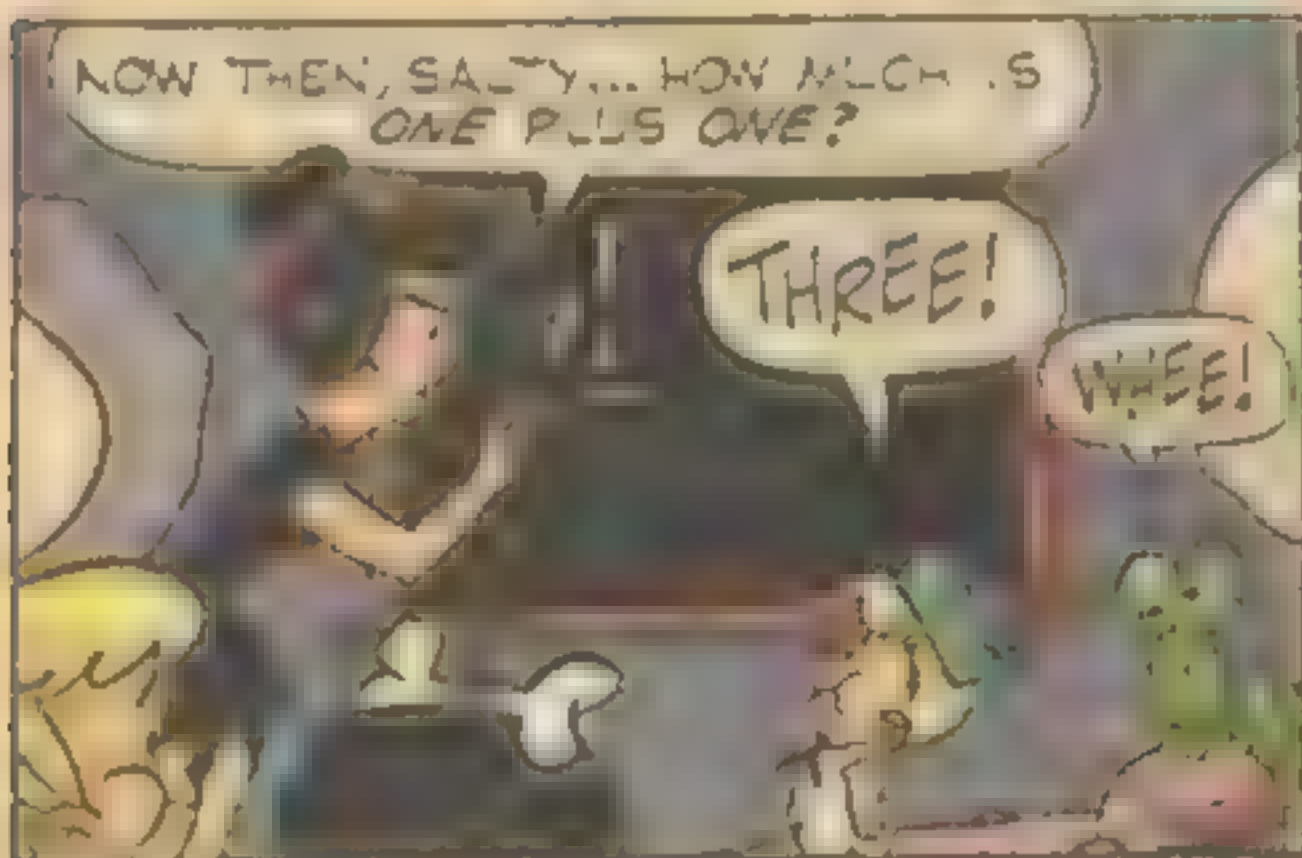
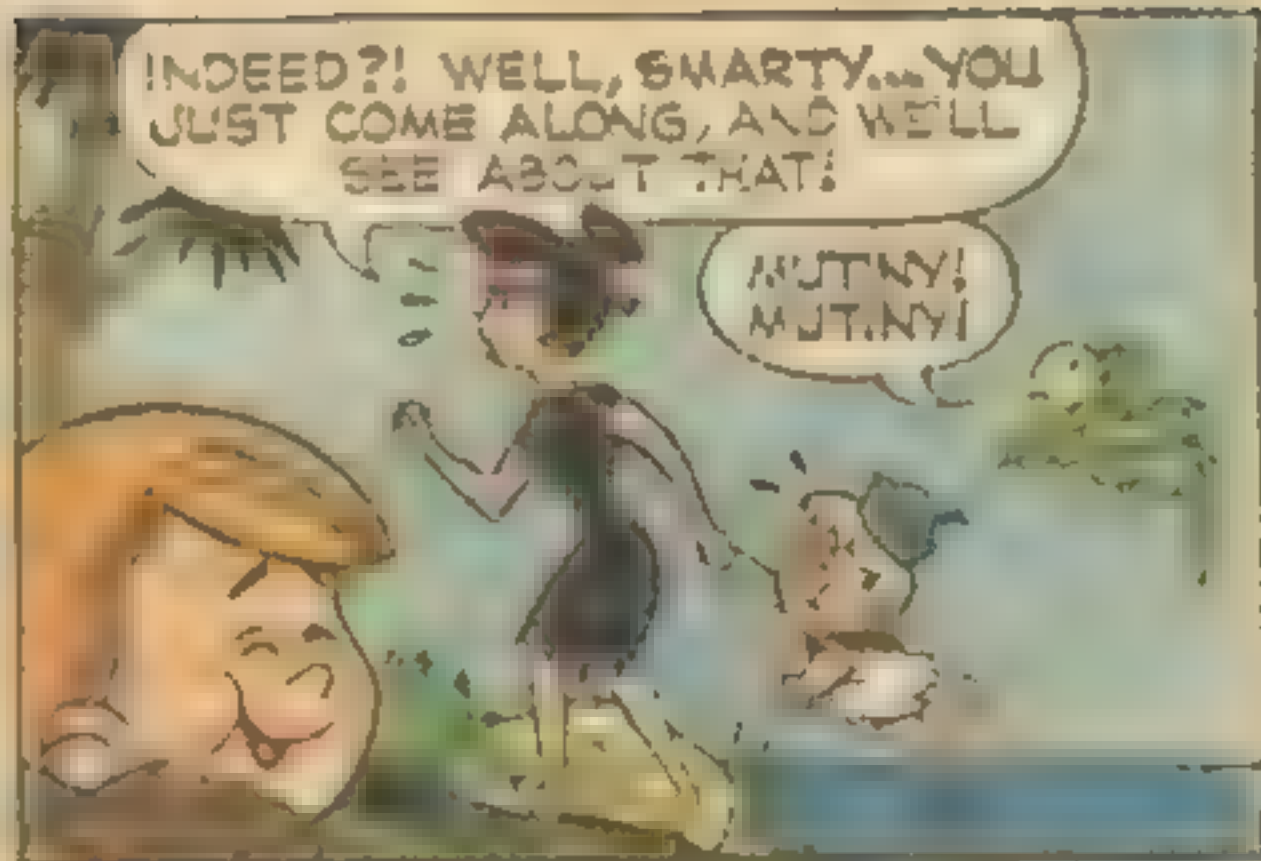
OH, IT'S THE
PHANTOM
KIND OF FIRE
THAT PARENTS
SYLLING!

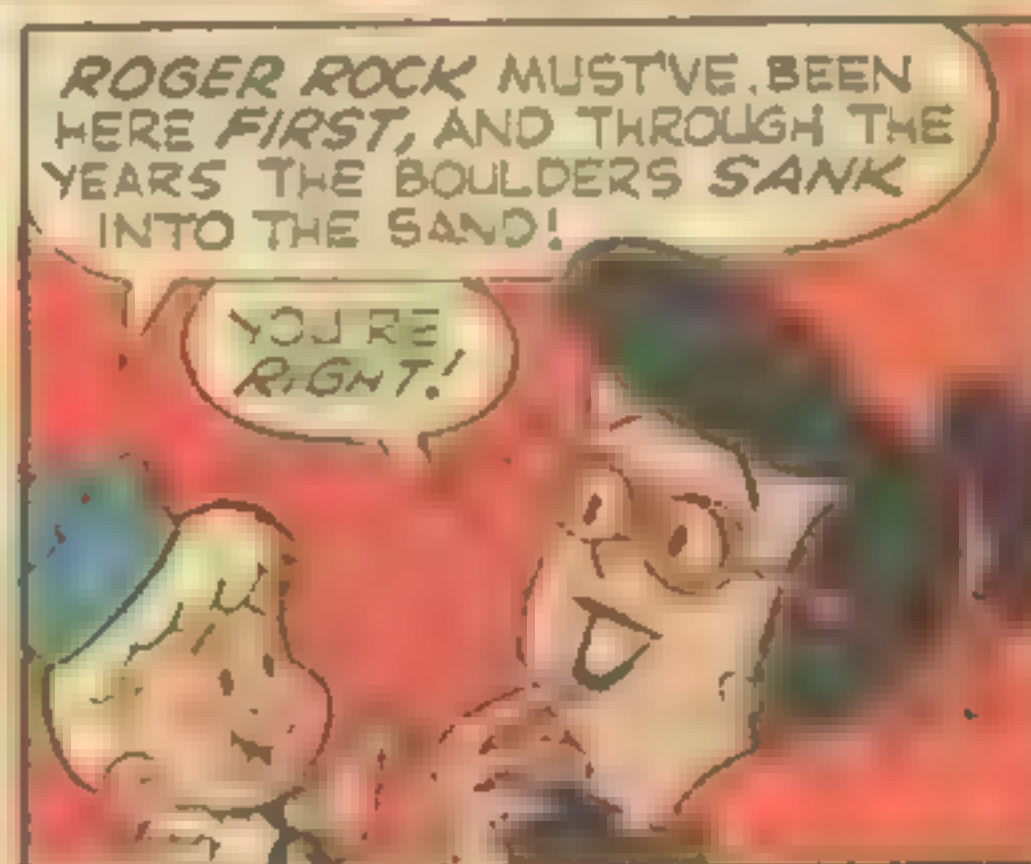
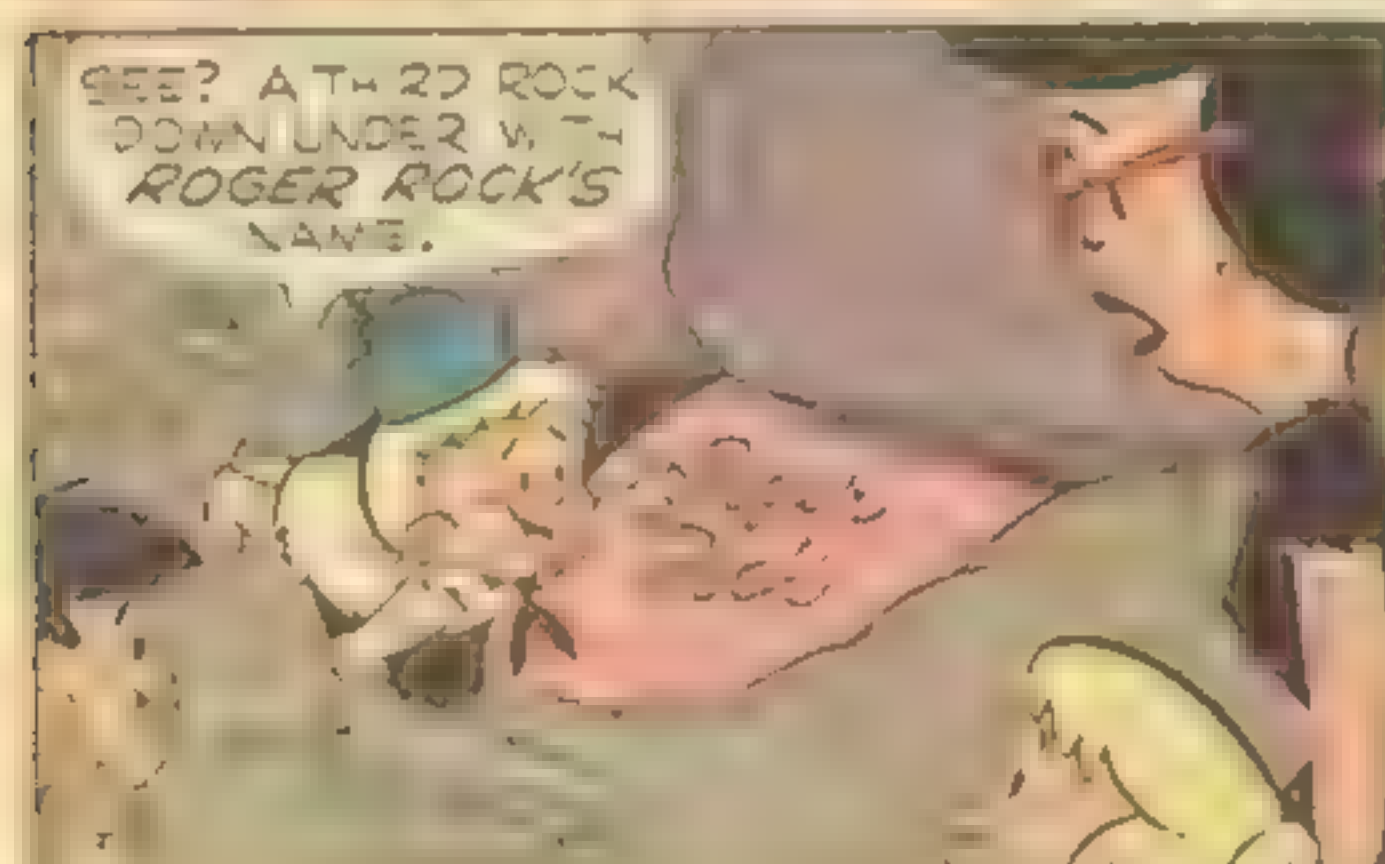
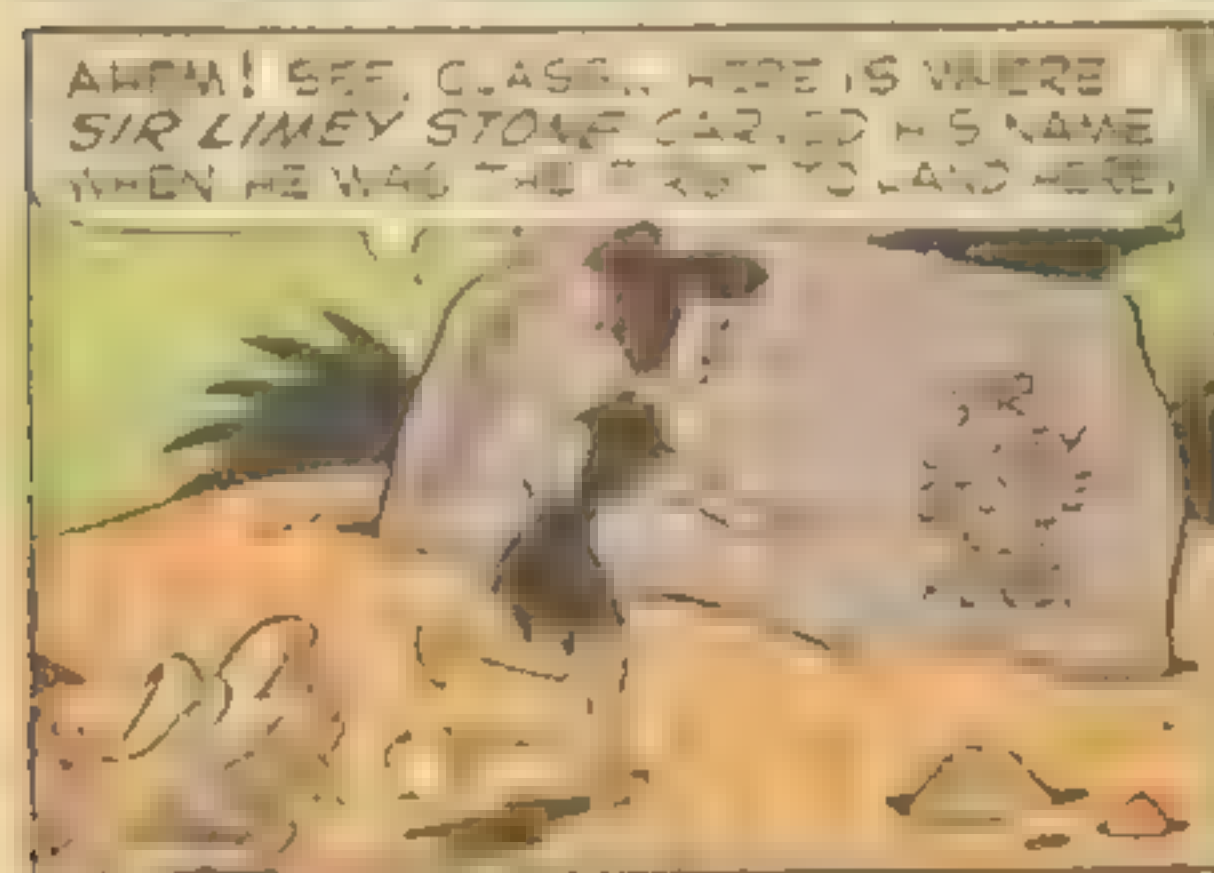
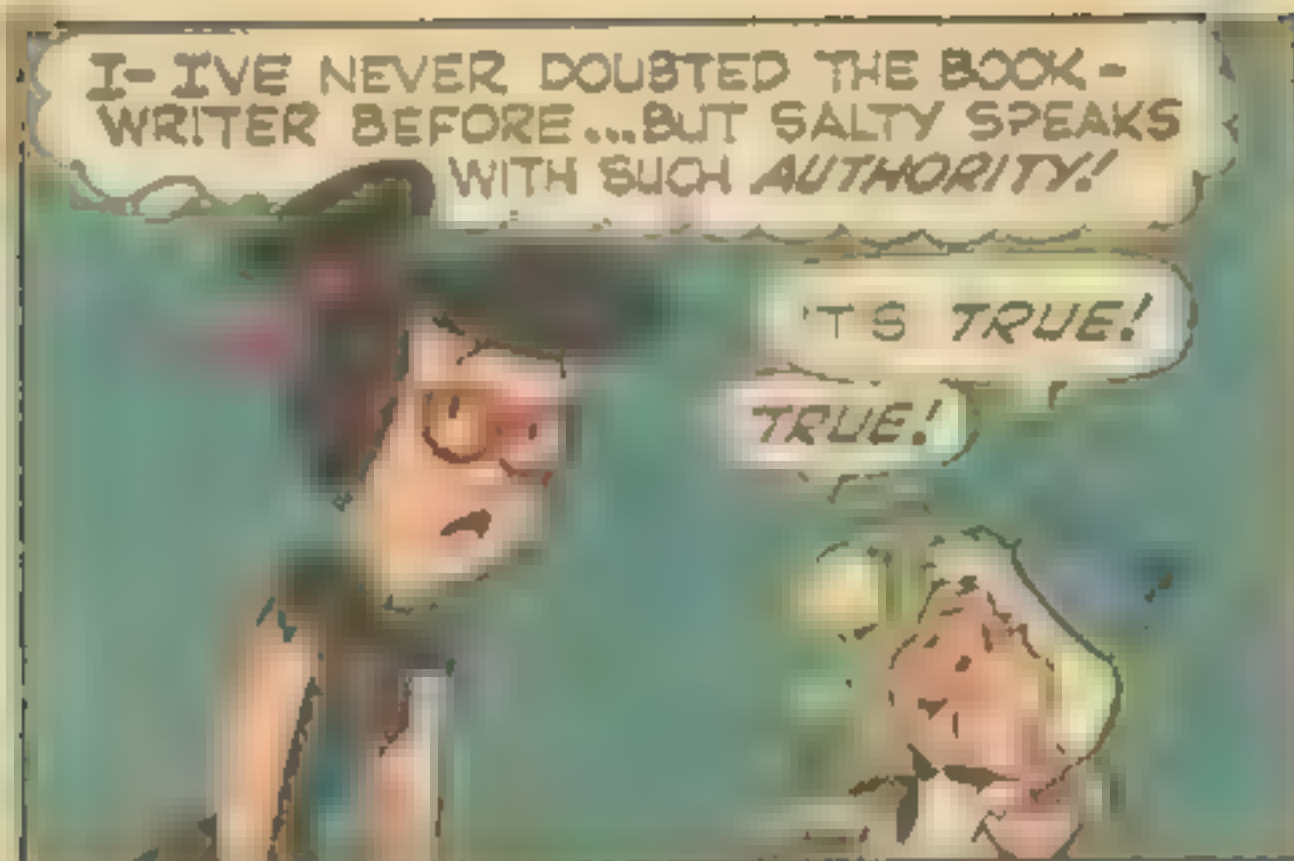
YOUNG MAN...
WHO ARE YOU?

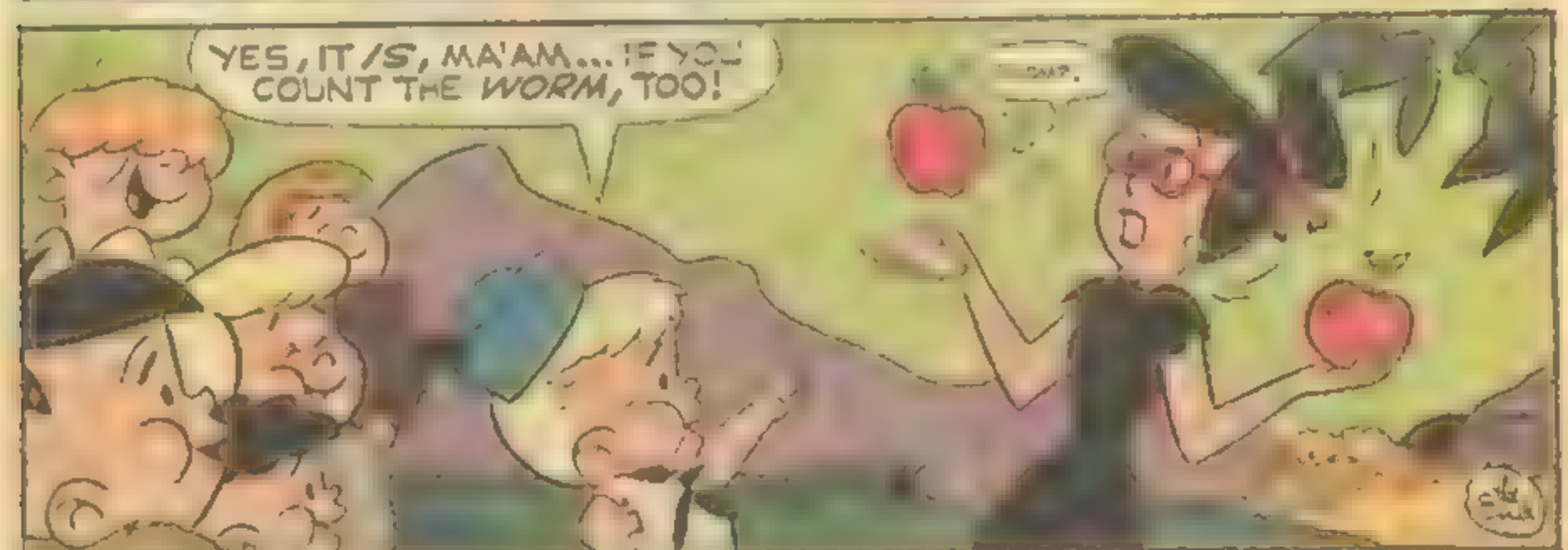
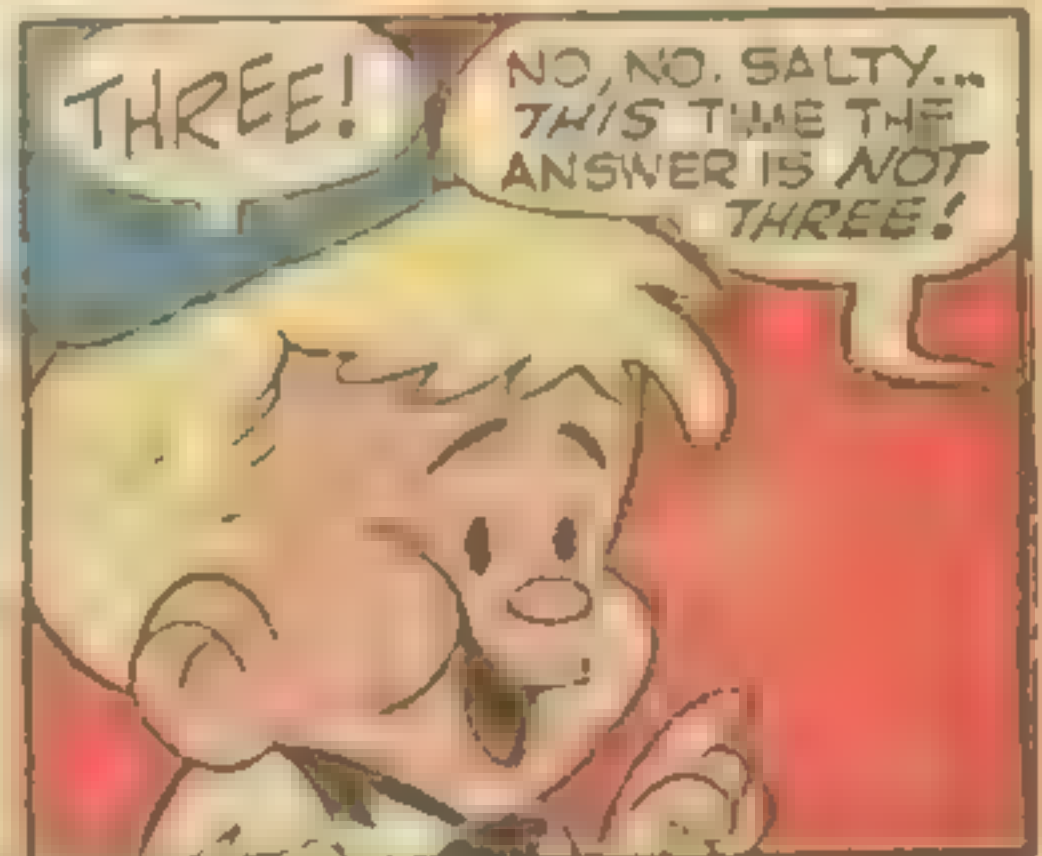
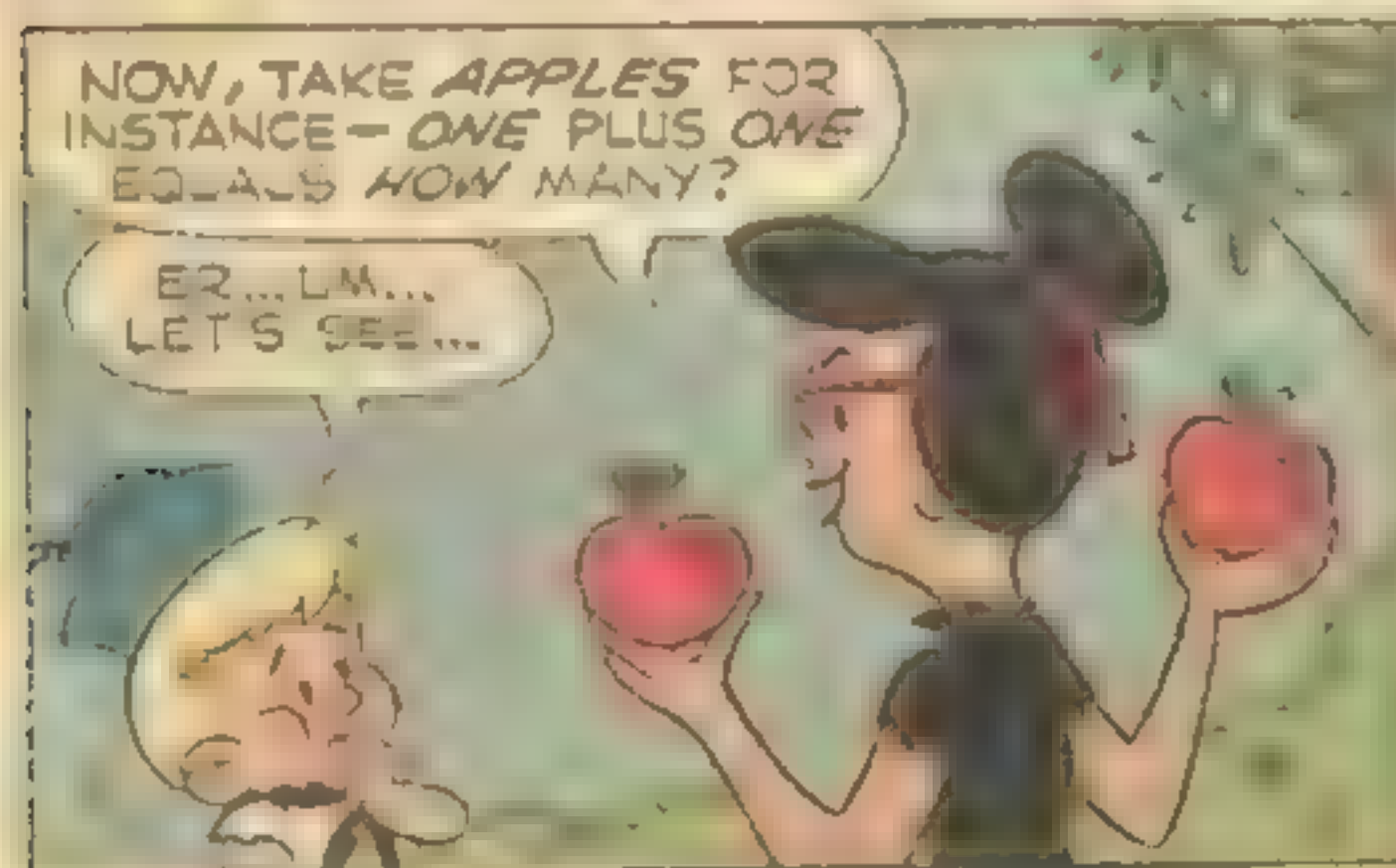
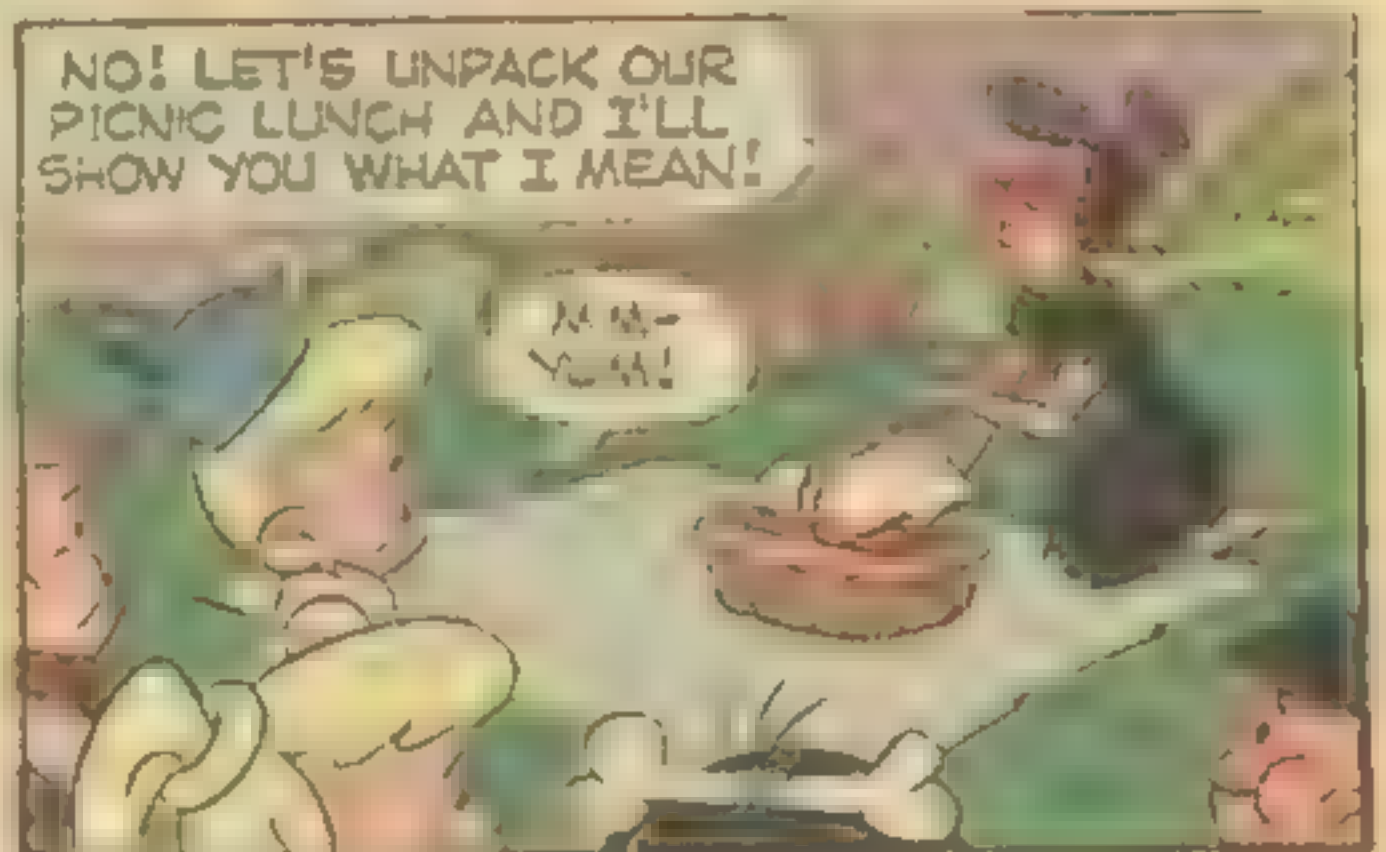
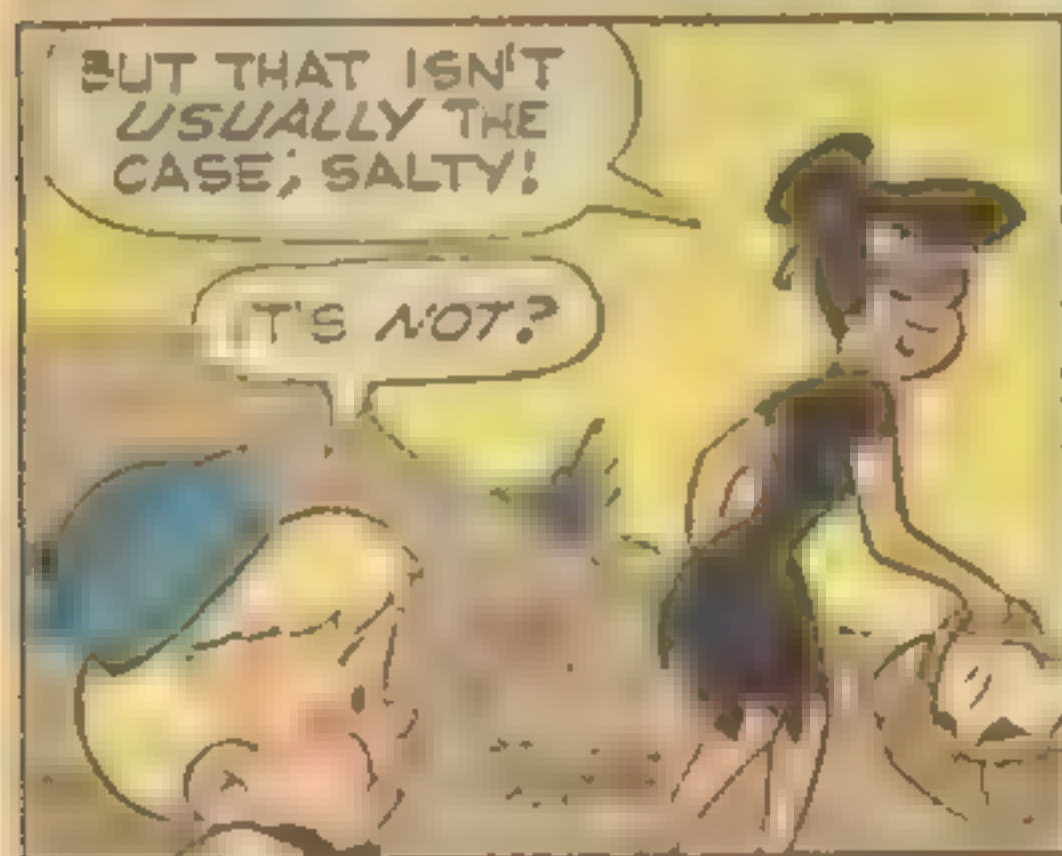
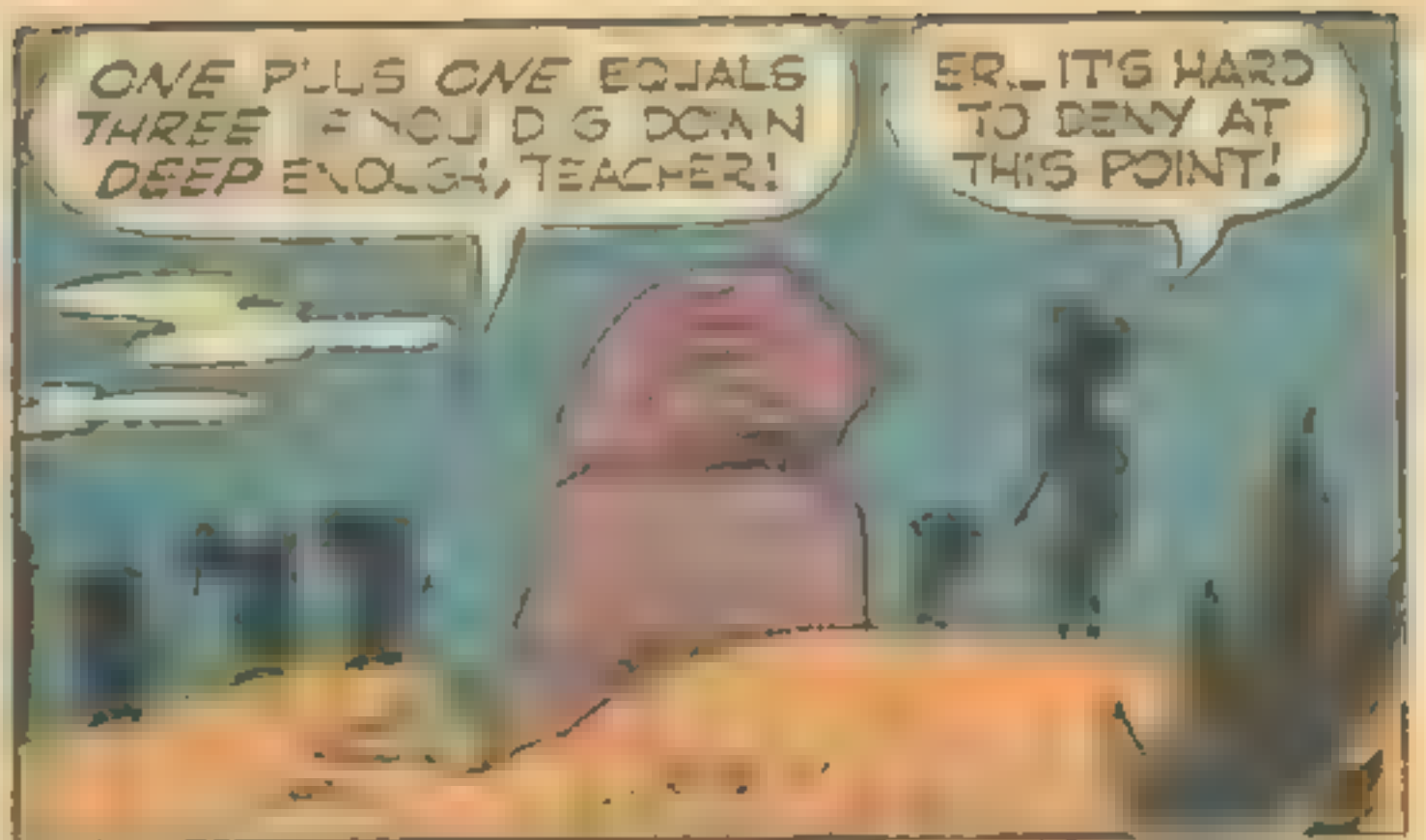
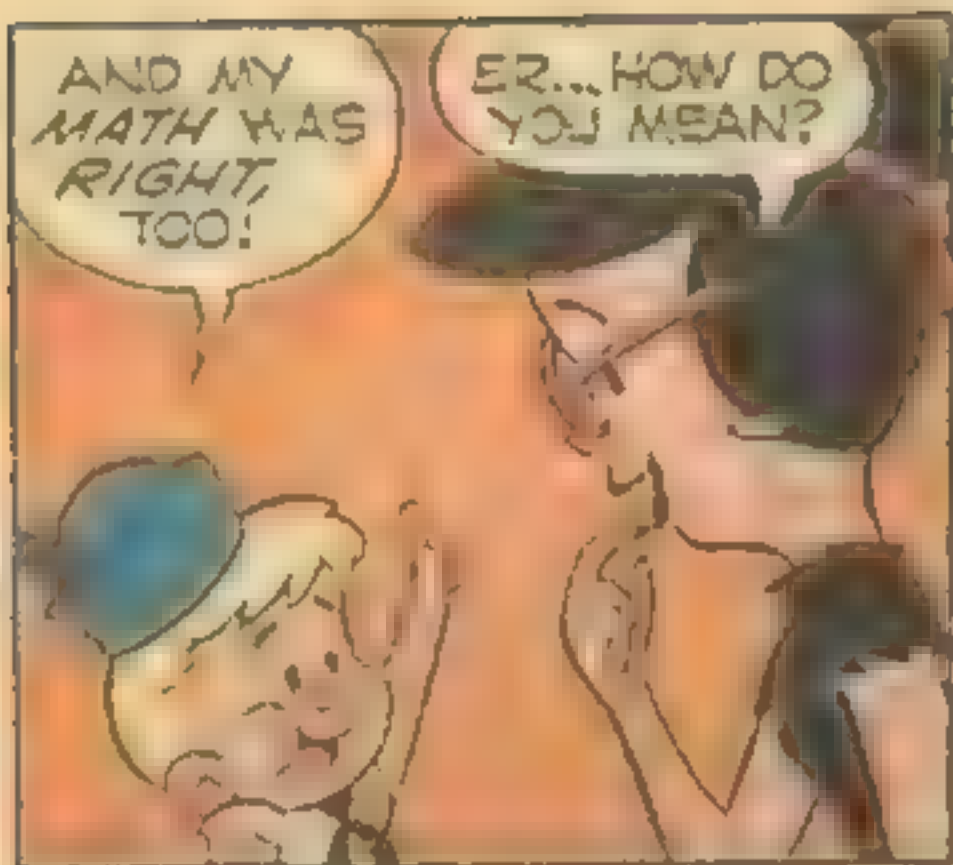
PHANTOM!

A-OH, NAH! NAH!
SALTY CREAM
IS THE NAME!









THE FLINTSTONES

DOING DOUBLE DUTY

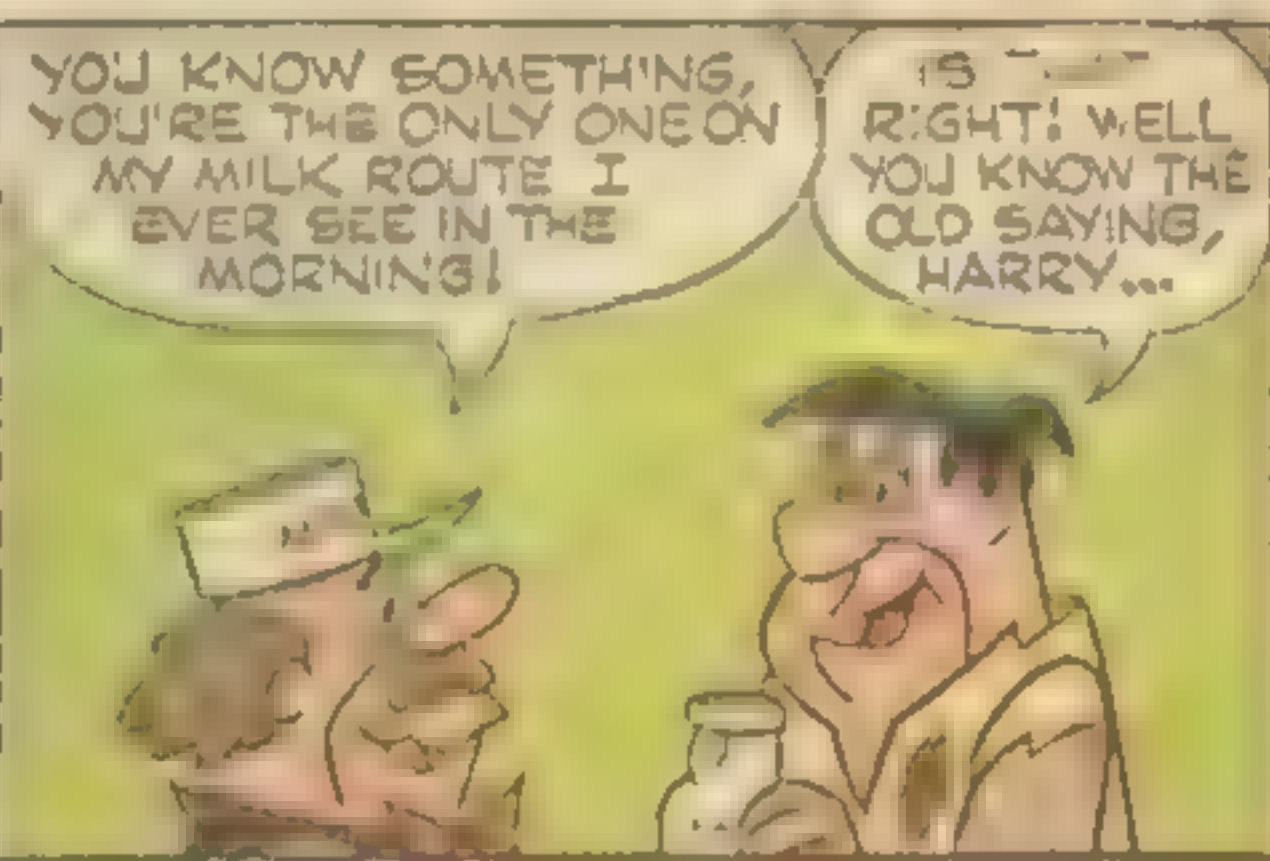


WELL, HERE WE ARE
AT THE FIRST STOP ON
OUR MILK RUN, MILLY...
THE FLINTSTONE
RESIDENCE!



GOOD
MORNING,
FRED!

MORNING, HARRY!



YOU KNOW SOMETHING,
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE ON
MY MILK ROUTE I
EVER SEE IN THE
MORNING!

IS THAT
RIGHT! WELL
YOU KNOW THE
OLD SAYING,
HARRY...



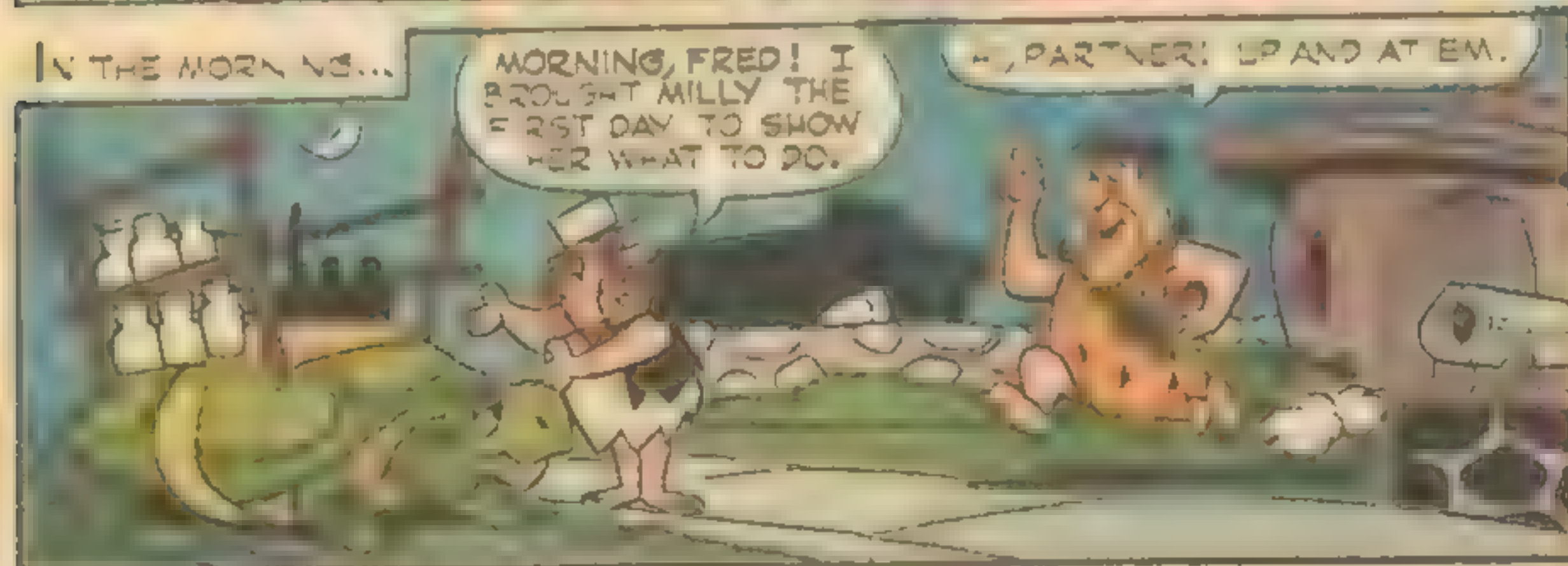
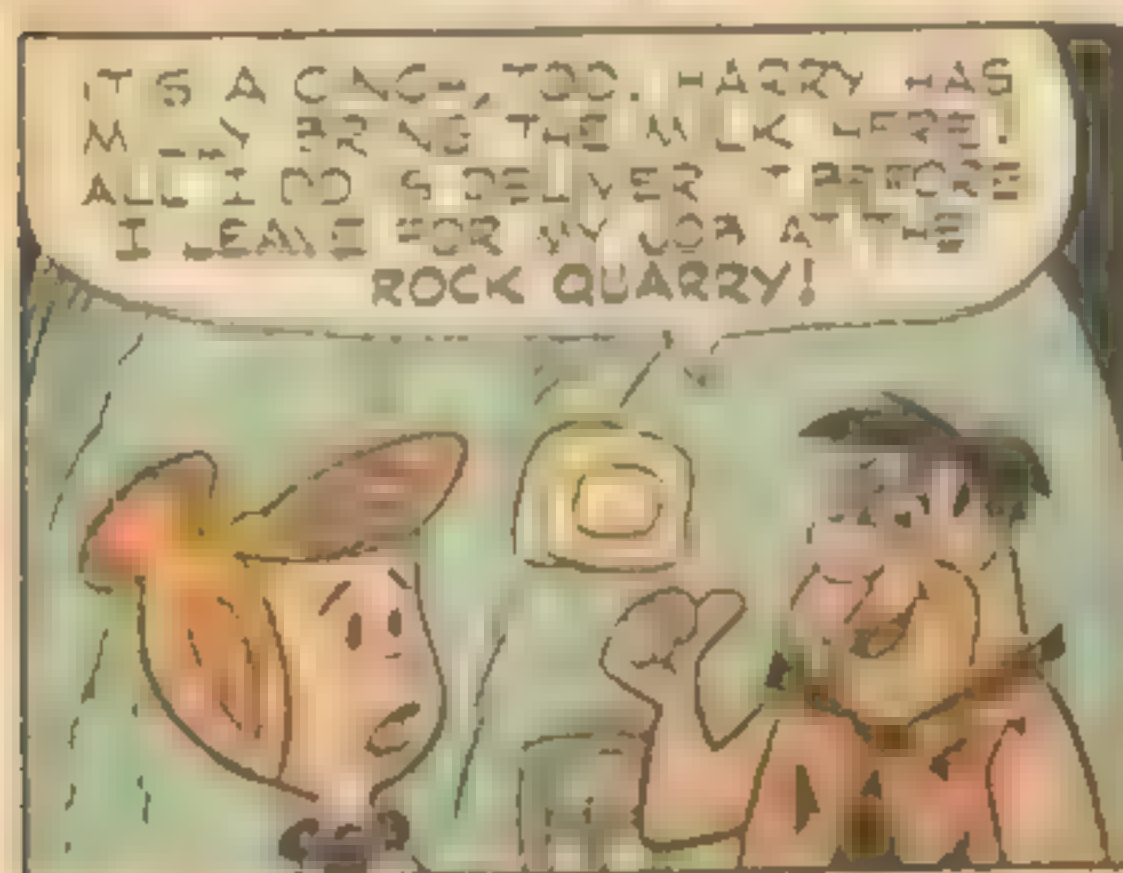
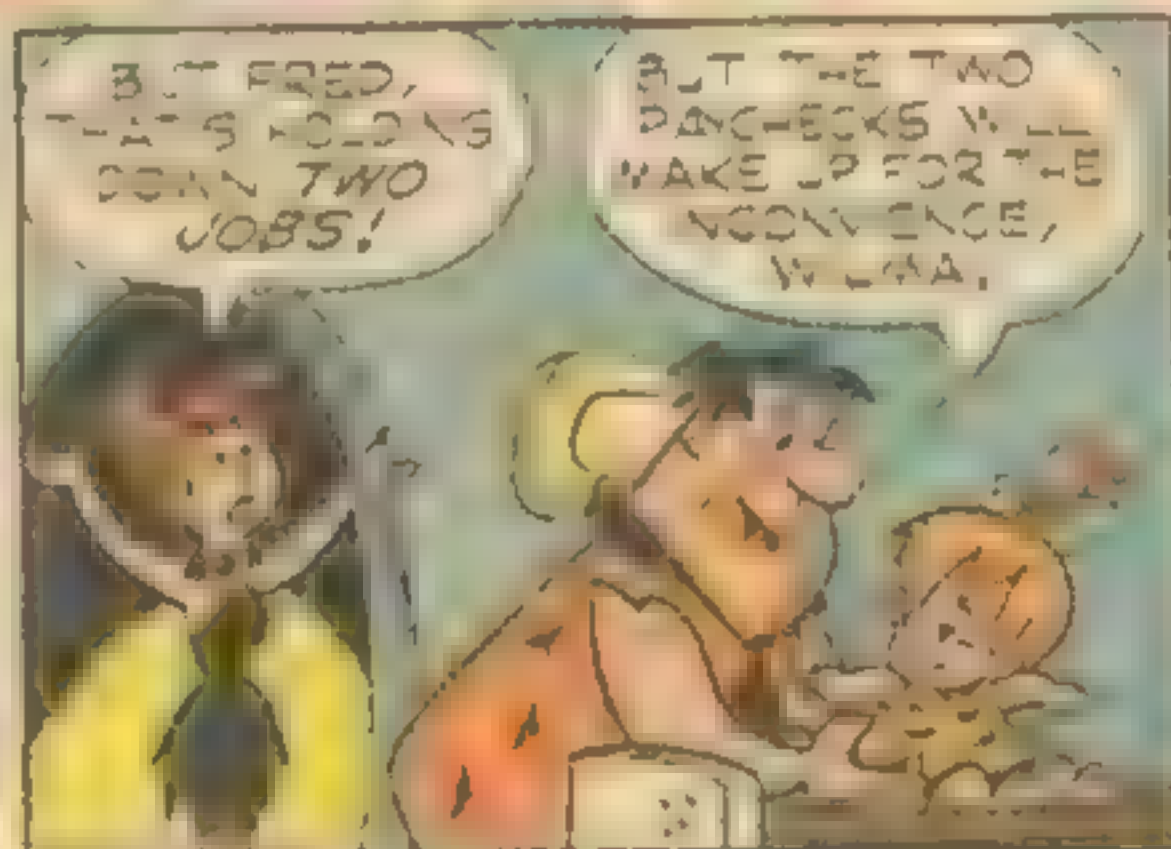
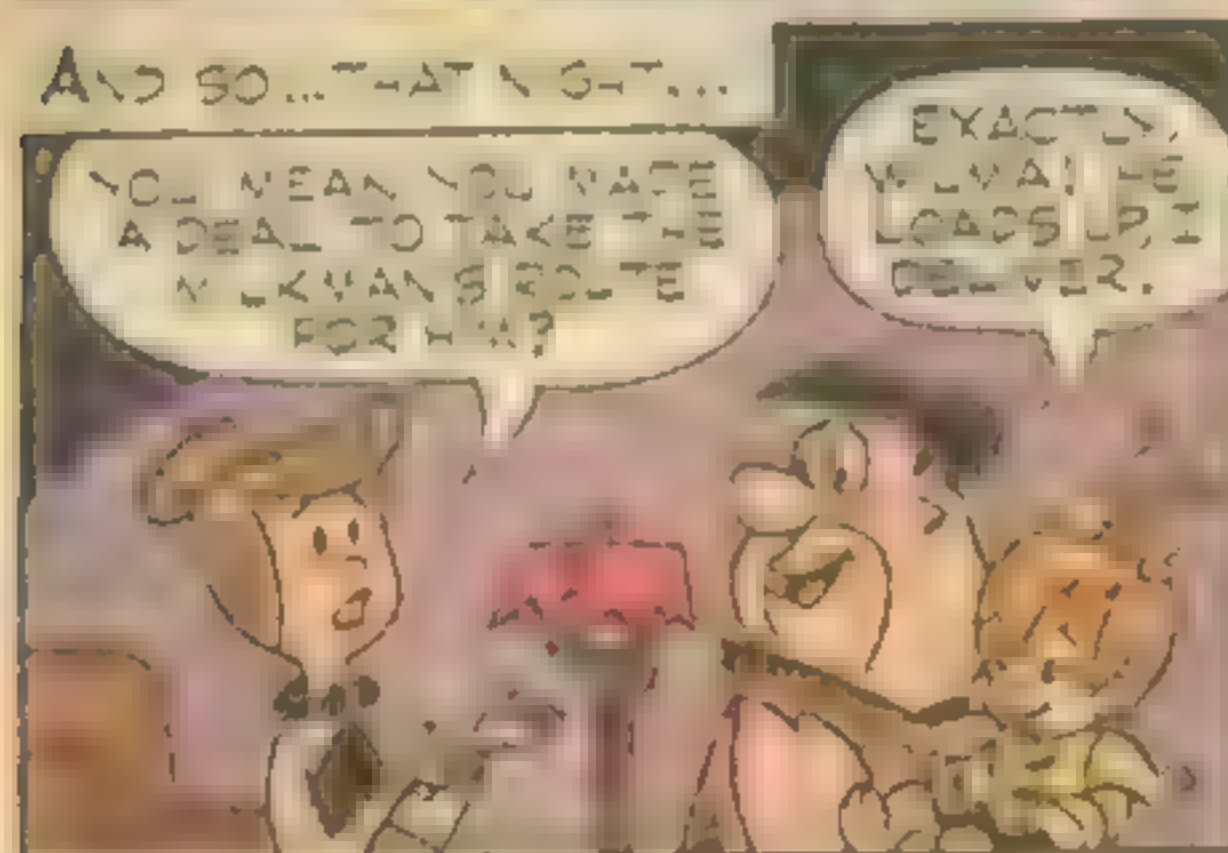
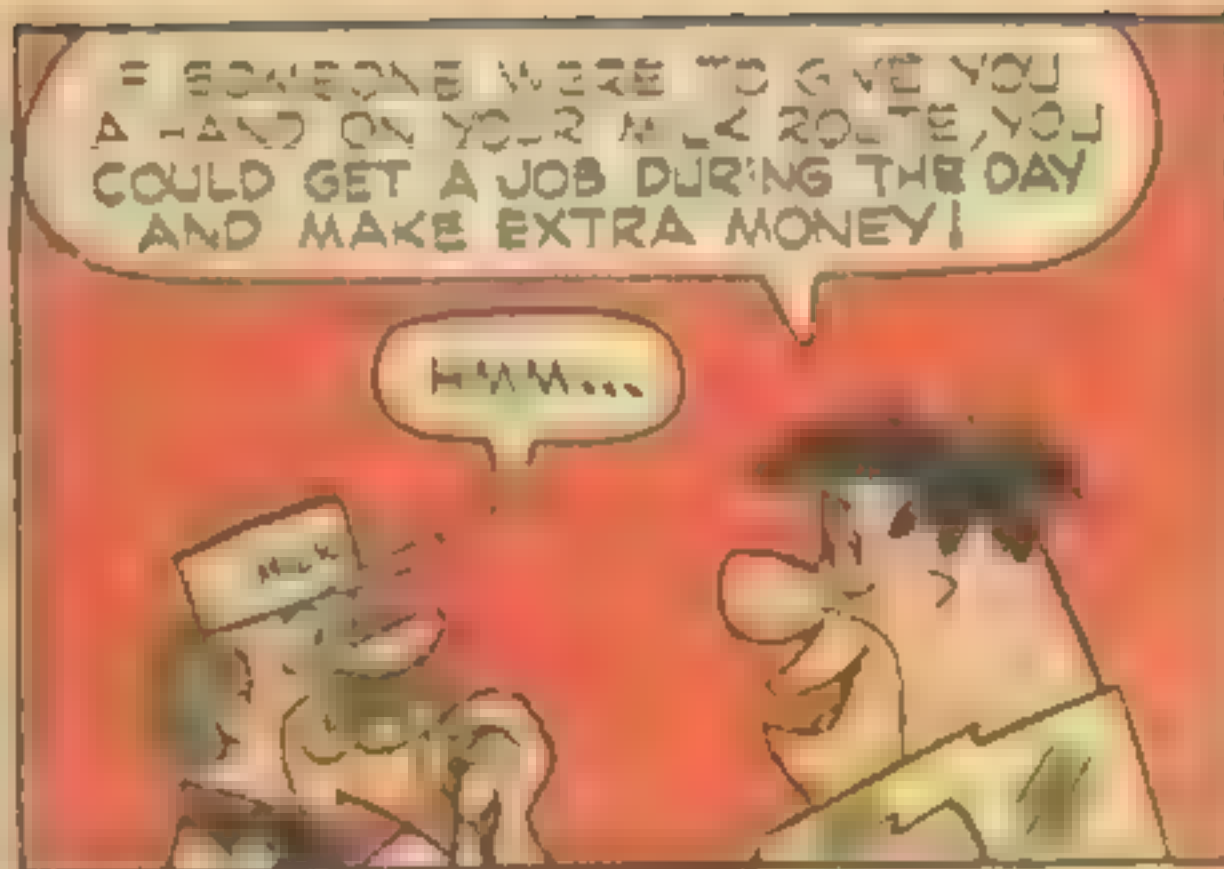
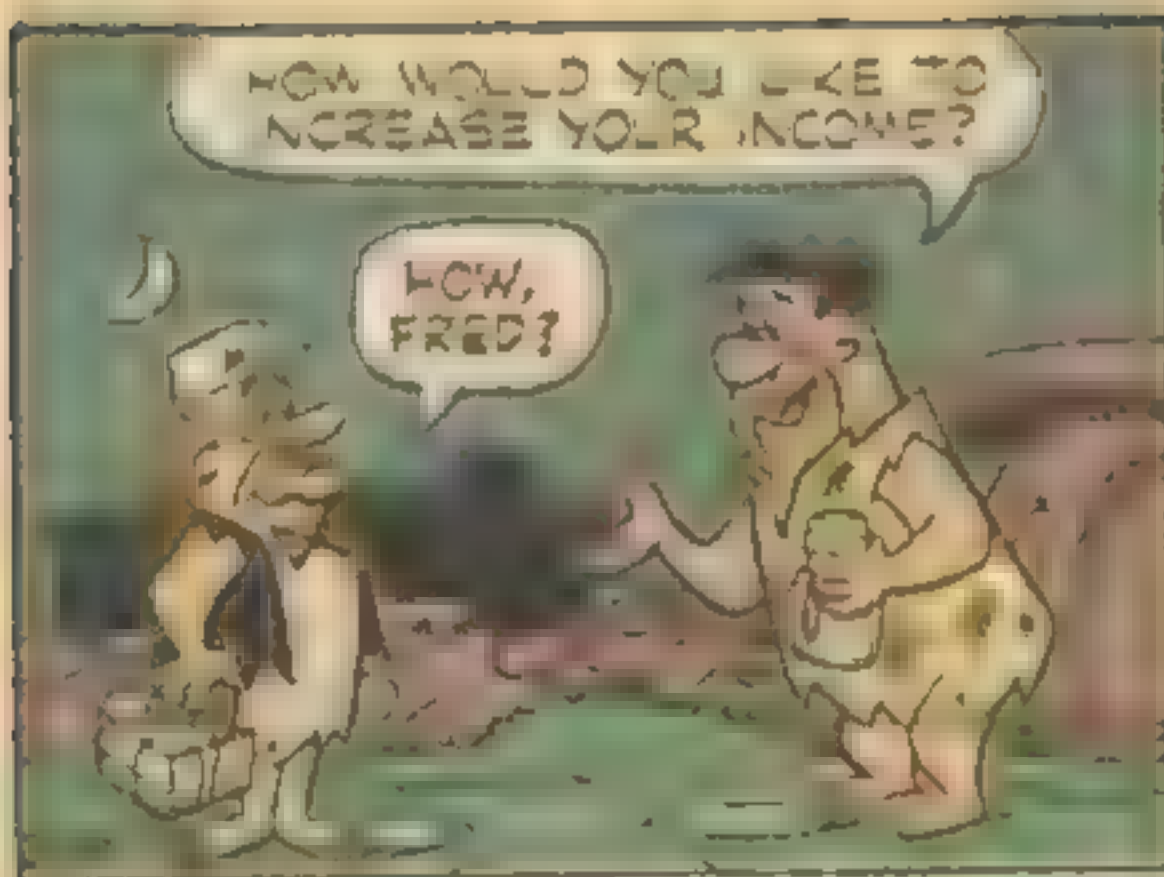
HEAVY TO BED, EARLY TO RISE,
MAKES A MAN EARLY, WEALTHY
AND WISE.

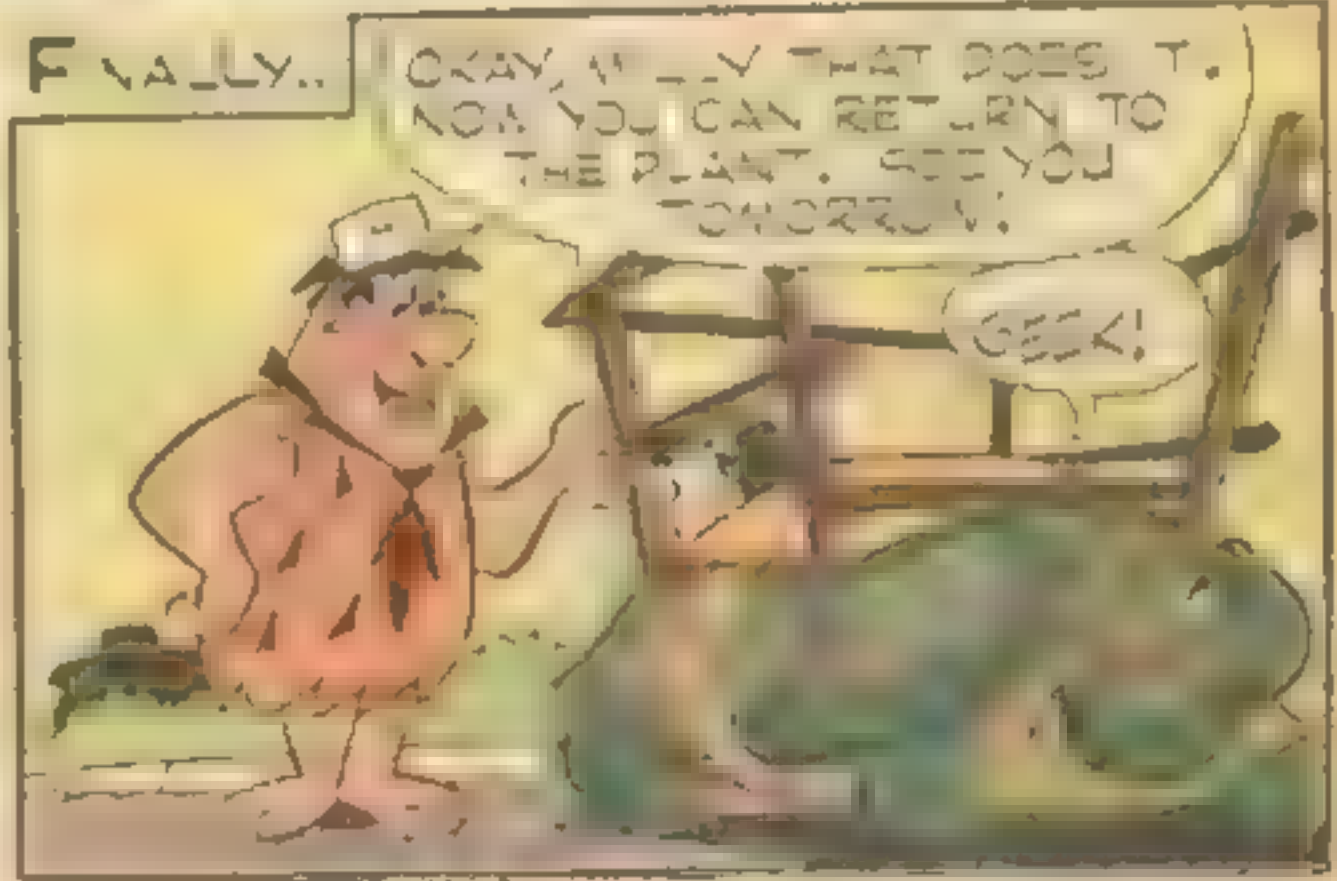
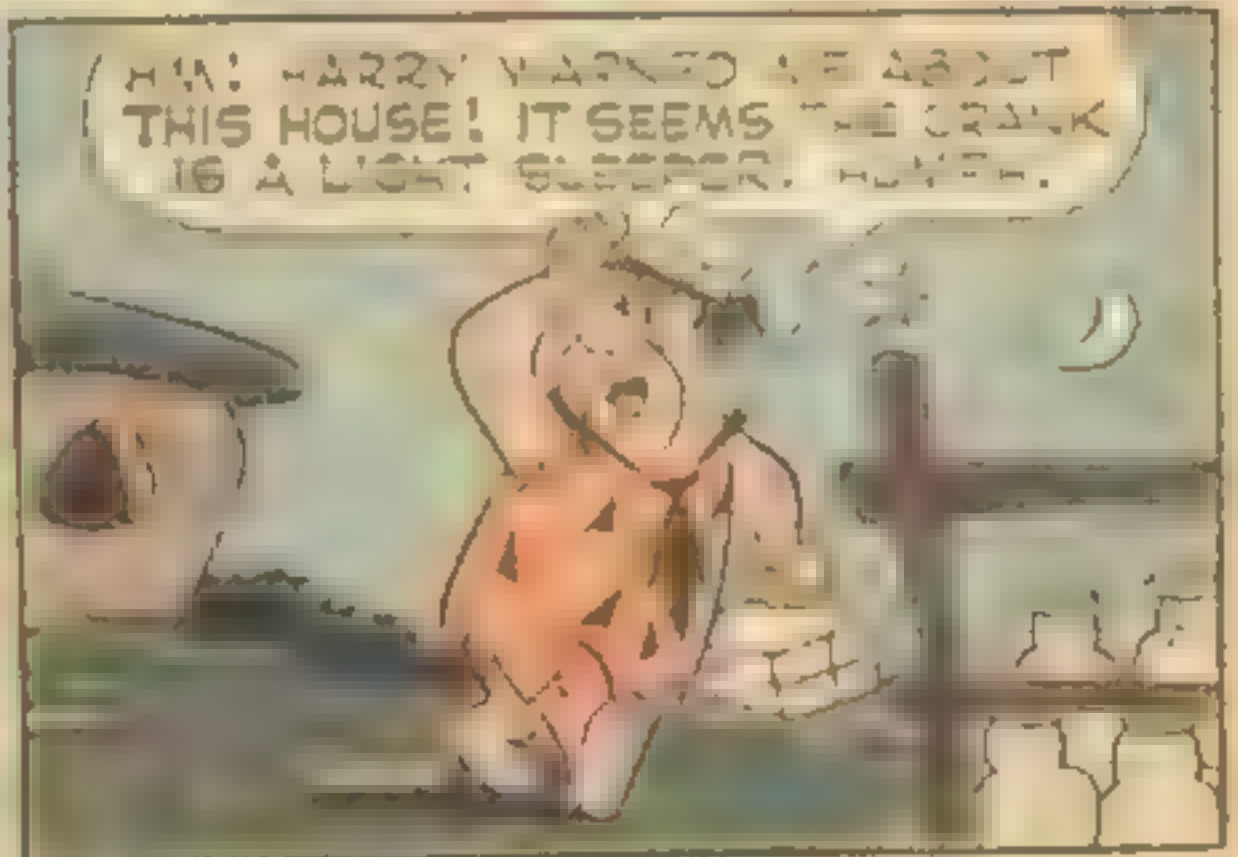
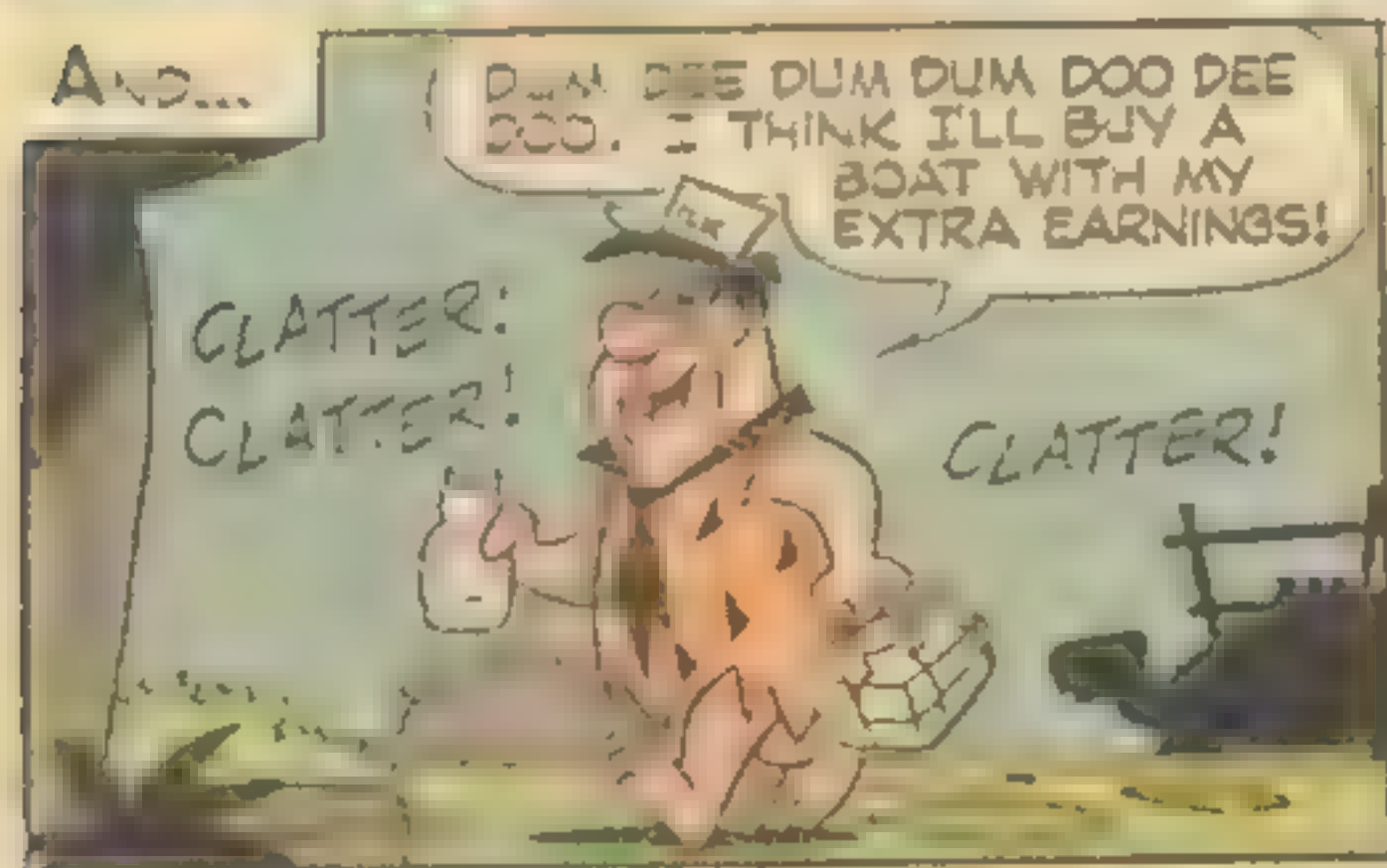
HASN'T WORKED
THAT WAY FOR ME!



SAY, HARRY, HOLD
ON A MINUTE!

HUH?





A FEW DAYS PASS...

GOOD MORNING, FAMILY!
DADDY IS HOME FROM
HIS MILK DELIVERY!

YOU SURE
SEEM TO BE
HOLDING UP,
FRED... SO FAR!

SURE, WOLFA, IT'S A CINCH! LOOK
HOW SOON I FINISHED THIS MORNING!
I'M GETTING FASTER ALL THE TIME!

OOPS! I FORGOT TO
DELIVER OUR MILK!

I THOUGHT I HAD
TOO MUCH MILK LEFT!
I'LL HAVE TO CATCH
MILLY!

SOON...

BYE-BYE, FAMILY, I'LL
SEE YOU LATER! TIME
FOR JOB NUMBER TWO!

'BYE,
DEAR.

COME ON, BARN,
LOOK ALIVE!

BOY, YOU SURE
ARE FULL OF PEP,
FRED, AS USUAL!

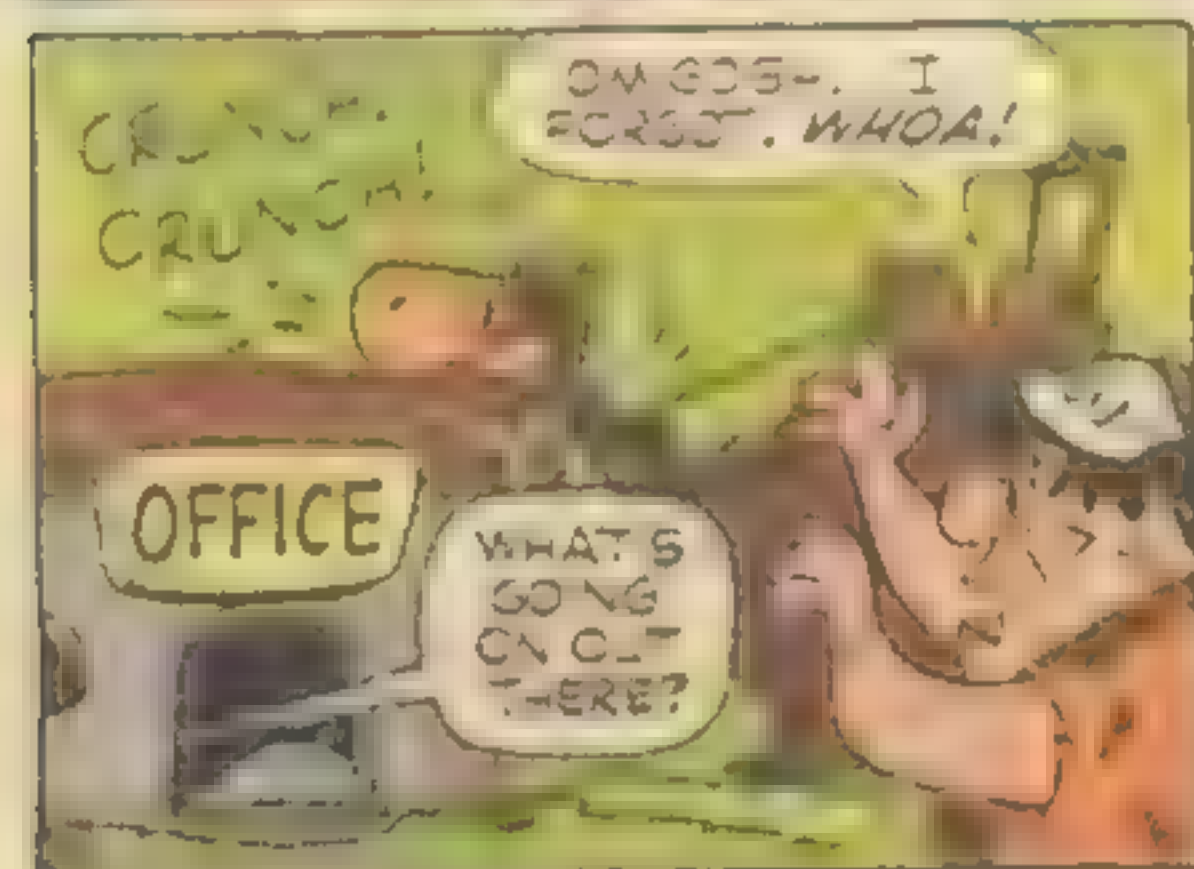
IT'S JUST
HEALTHY
LIVING,
BARNLEY!

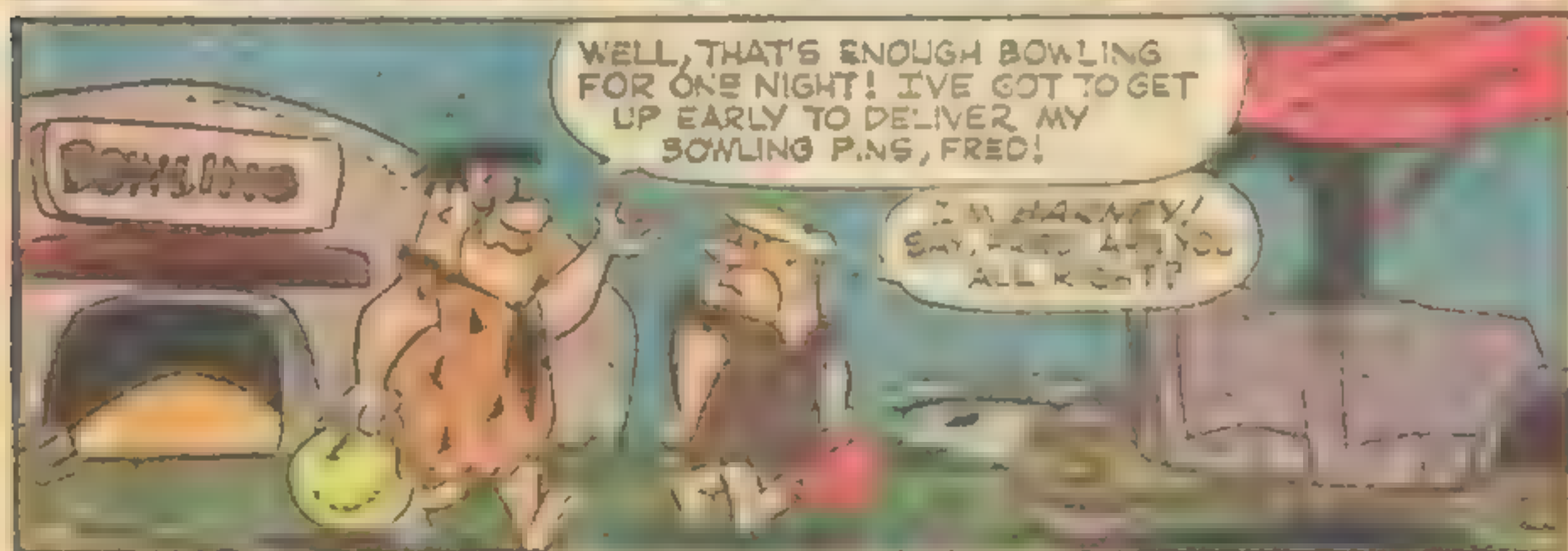
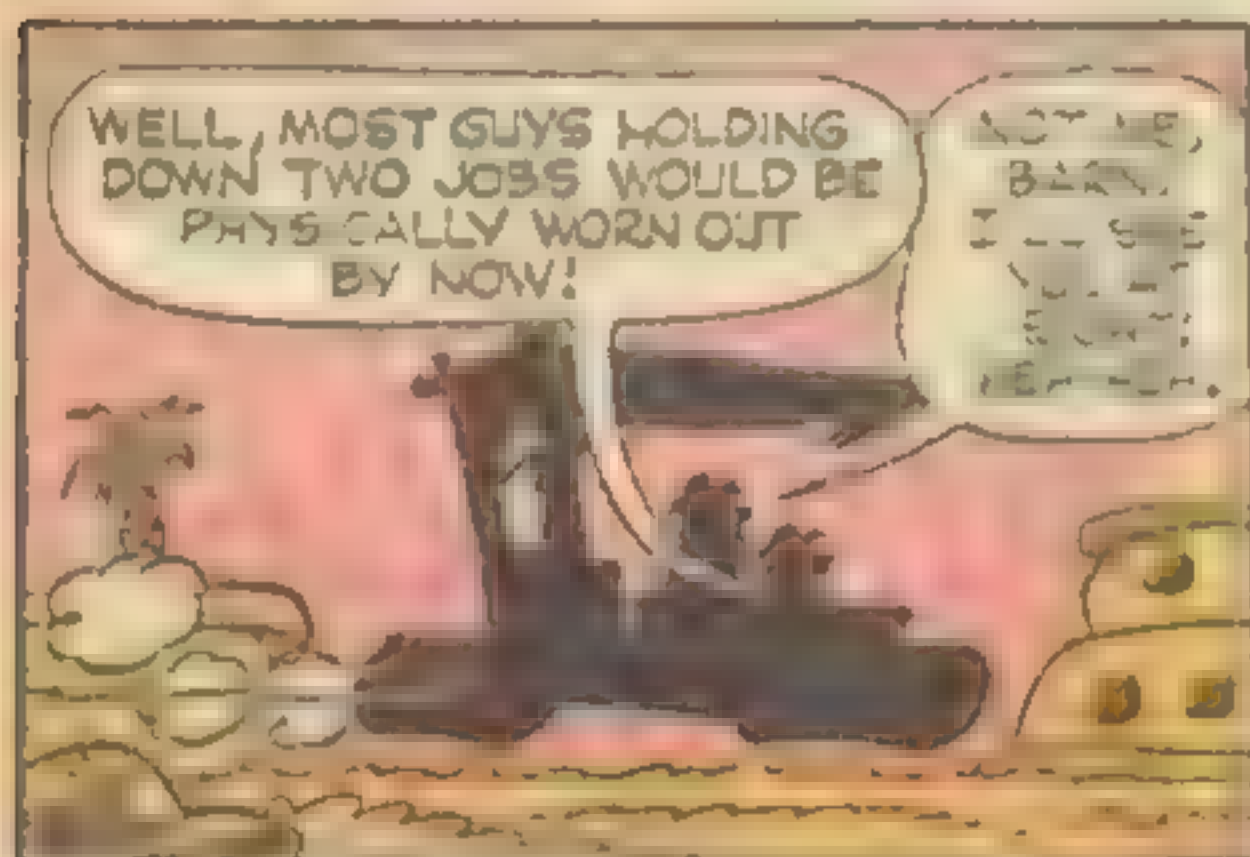
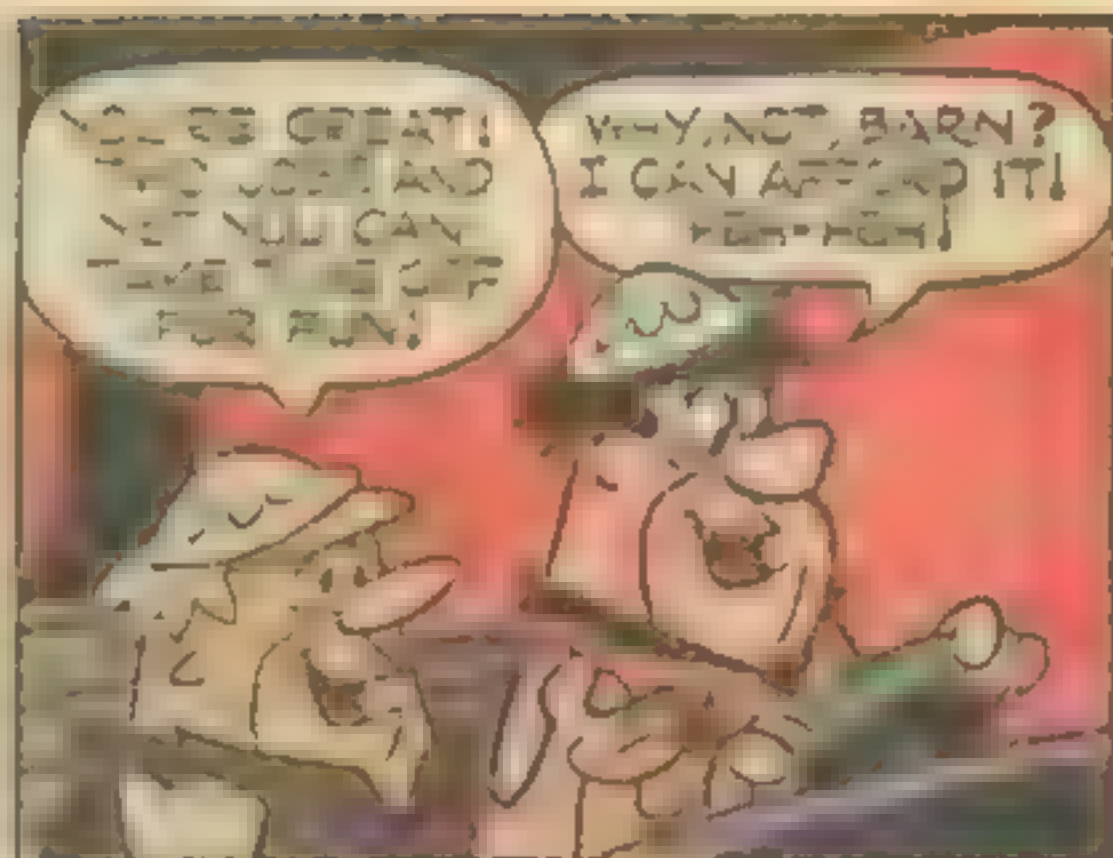
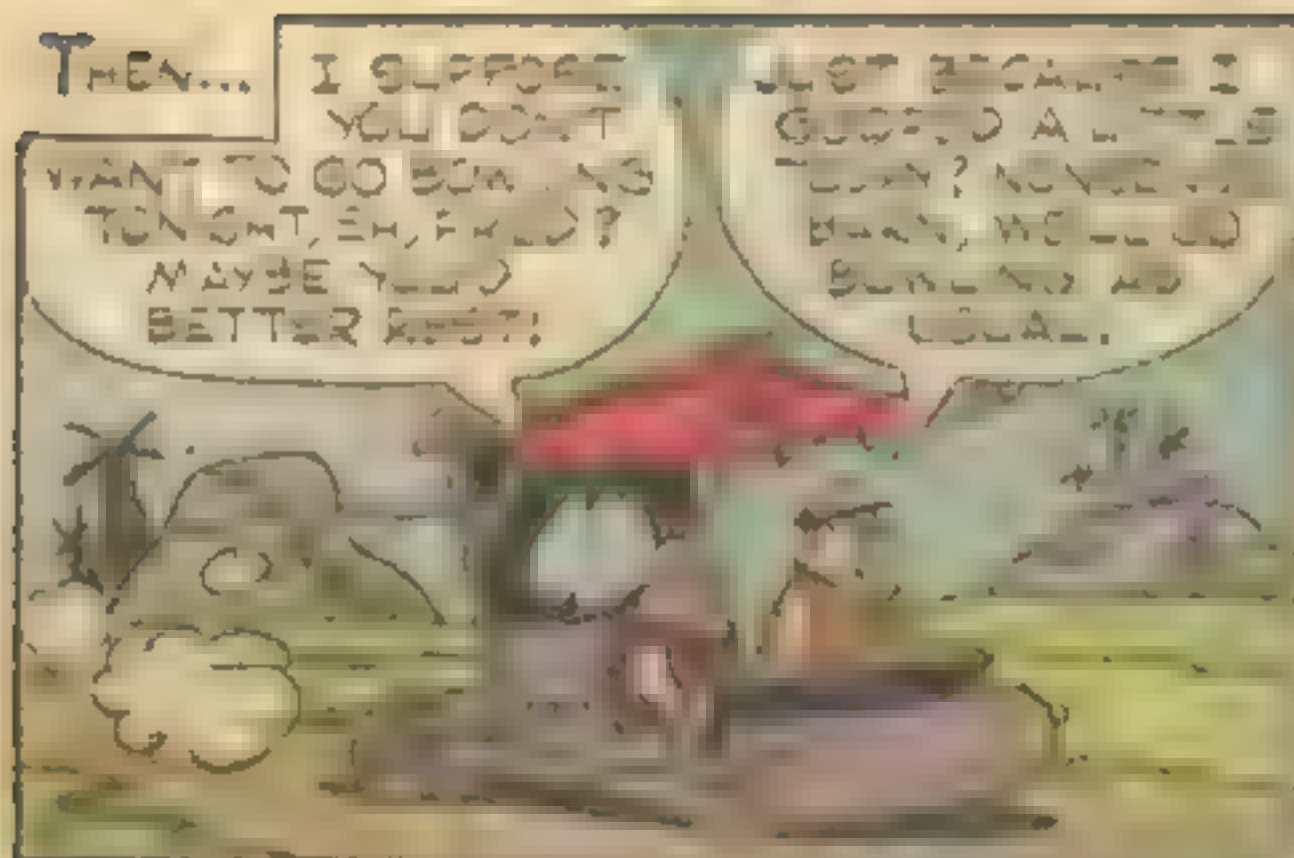
PLUS KNOWING YOU'RE GETTING FILTHY RICH!

'BYE, BAHM-BAHM!
'BYE, BETTY!

BAHM-
BAHM!

VROOM!





THE NEXT MORNING...

IMAGINE ME CALLING
BOWLING PINS MILK BOTTLES!
HA-HA! AND VICE VERSA! HA-HA!

I BET BARN
THINKS THIS EXTRA
WORK IS GETTING
ME DOWN!

CLATTER!
CLATTER!

PIPE DOWN
OUT THERE!!

POW!

CLATTER!

YOU ASKED FOR
IT, BUSTER!

CLATTER!
CLATTER!

SOME PEOPLE ARE
SURE GROUCHES! GIDDAP,
MILLY!

GROAN!

SNAP!

THIS MAY WORK
ON HARRY, BUT
NOT ME!

UG!

AND...

GRUNT!

'BYE, DEAR!

GOOBA
DOOBA!

HURRY UP,
BARNEY!

'BYE-BYE,
BAMM-BAMMI!

BAMM-
BAMMI!



